

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 125.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1819.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Waggoner, a Poem. To which are added Sonnets. By William Wordsworth. London 1819. 8vo. pp. 68.*

What's in a name?

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.

Or, in other words, one sort of subject is as fitting for poetry as another,—the mean is equal to the dignified, the affected to the affecting, the childish to the pathetic. Mr. Wordsworth produces his character in rags; he is a Guy Faux, like Peter Bell, or a low-lived fellow like this Benjamin the Waggoner. There is indeed more of nature about the latter; his beggar's garb has some spangles upon it, nay, some tags of bullion; but still the original sin of his nature disfigures the whole; and while we observe with pleasure his few and scattered poetical beauties, we are compelled to think them accidental, seeing that his deformities are pervading and systematic.

This Poem is addressed to Mr. Charles Lamb, and the writer, as usual, attaching importance to what is of no consequence, informs us that it was read to his dedicatee in the year 1806; but was not added to Peter Bell, lest it should appear to disadvantage by the side of "the higher tone of imagination, and the deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former."!! Our readers, who agreed with us in the opinion we expressed of that silly farrago, will appreciate the modesty of the author's sentiment, and be prepared to expect an indescribably ridiculous performance in any thing which could be so bad as to dread injury from being

Worse than worst

Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts imagine.

But in this case, as in many others, the author seems to us to have formed a wrong estimate. Master Benjamin, though absurd enough, is not quite so absurd as Master Peter; the spectacle is not so ludicrous in this mezzo-tint, as in the attempt upon the "higher tones and deeper touches;" there is a little more common sense about Mr. Wordsworth's Waggoner than about his Tinker, a little more nature and a little less pretension, so that upon the whole, were it not set up as a standard of all excellence, we could be content to let it pass as an

VOL. III.

durable composition, in which a few good ideas and some accurate descriptions of scenery served to contrast a mass of imbecile trifling and low peculiarities.

We confess without hesitation our general contempt for the Lake school, and for the powers that minister to it withal. What credit can be given for verses which any boy of ten years old could write? We shall quote some of the best, or rather the least absurd, passages in this silly poem; and by way of illustration we give some doggrels written in our presence, on the model of the leader of the *Aqueous*, and in scorn of him.

### DRURY LANE.

The play is over,—like a tide  
The rabble fill the portals wide,  
Some queezing out, some rushing in,  
With stamp and squall, and growl and grin,  
Some gazing where the stately stair  
Lets down its freight of easy fair,  
For now is given to sulky gloom  
The cushion'd, cramm'd, colossal room,  
Sam *Whitbread's* shop for fruit and ices,  
And faces at all sorts of prices.  
The doors are clos'd at last,—the rout,  
Gentle and simple, must turn out.  
Then, Heavens! what sounds assail the ears—  
The crash of rival charioteers,  
The link-boys' howl, the female prattle,  
The ruffian's curse, the watchman's rattle,  
The sound subsides—disperse the mob,  
To dream, to drink, digest, or rob,  
Some to solicit—not the Muse—  
In Drury's picturesque purlieu;  
Some scattering where thy well-paved street,  
Blackfriars, meets the castled Fleet;  
Some wandering by the Arcadian drain  
That rots down Ave-Maria Lane,  
Where Doctors, Butchers, side by side,  
Give contribution to the tide,  
Where spectre Physic takes for spouse  
The Genius of the slaughter house,  
And like Avernus, mouth of Hell,  
We know the inmates by the smell.  
Some scattering where the moonlight falls  
On thy beleagu'ring pile, St. Paul's,  
Hemmed round with shop, stall, hovel, hut,  
A Gulliver in Lilliput.

But there is nothing to prevent this jingle of rhyme from going on to any extent: this poetry is as good (or as bad) as Mr. Wordsworth's, and it was written by a friend in the few minutes that we were writing these observations. If any collection of rugged names and raggamuffin allusions is poetry, we see no reason why the Fleet prison and Ave-maria Lane should not take a classical place beside Gimmer-crag, and Nathdale Fell; but, if Mr. Wordsworth is only to be tried by the picturesque, let us see what we can do by the system

of merely providing rhyme for rhyme, and letting the sense take its chance:

'Tis lovely to stand on the Autumn hill,  
When the Sun is down and the air is still,  
And rushing thro' the forest trees  
Comes the sigh of the evening breeze—  
A long, slow, deep, decaying sigh,  
As if of the day about to die,  
When the wind sweeps, loaded with the breath  
Of the roses in the vale beneath,  
Cool'd by the calm and crystal stream  
That in the western golden gleam  
Looks like a streak of Lazuli  
Veining the meadow's purple dye.

This is doggrel, and written with no reference beyond that of letting one line correspond in harmony with the other; and of such material is the mass of the nonsense called Wordsworth's poetry.

Before quoting those parts of the Waggoner which strike us as most fairly illustrating its merits and demerits, we shall briefly relate the story.

Benjamin the Waggoner gets with his team past the sign of the Swan, an alehouse, and glories in his resolution at achieving that exploit, for it seems he is addicted to potations, and is likely to lose his place in consequence of his drunken propensities. He is, notwithstanding this weakness, a kind-hearted man, and very humane to his horses. Between the Swan and the Cherry Tree (another sign of ill omen) a storm unfortunately arises and drenches Benjamin to the skin; and in the midst of it he picks up a lame Sailor travelling with a show-ship, his wife and child, and an ass, an animal for which the author appears to have a strong sympathetic affection, as it figures so prominently in his best productions. The wife and child are disposed of in the waggon, the ass at its tail, and the driver and the Sailor get drunk at the Cherry Tree. The hero, i.e. the ass, quarrels with a mastiff under the wain, and requites the snarling of this faithful guardian by a kiek i' the face, which lays his skull open. An owl shrieks as they proceed on their journey; and at day-break the master of the waggon rides up from Keswick, and dismisses Ben for his loitering humanity, and degradation of his charge, by associating with tippling vagrants and vicious asses. No one else can drive the horses, and the waggon is soon laid down for a substitute of one-horse carts.

Such is the tale (we do not mean the cart's, nor allude to the writer's deserts in that line for chusing such a vehicle for poetry;) and we find it treated with all the pompous gravity it demands. The rumbling verse rolls on like the heavy-laden waggon its subject, and the author and the horses have equally up-

hill work of it, dragging the machine to the top of the rugged heights of Cumberland.

The poem begins abruptly, as if one of the springs were broken:

'Tis spent—this burning day of June!  
Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing;

Confiding glow-worms, 'tis a night  
Propitious to your earth-born light!

The air, as in a Lion's den,  
Is close and hot;—

(*Lo, a second Daniel!*)

And now there  
Comes a tired and sultry breeze  
With a haunting and a panting,  
Like the stifling of disease;—

Here in eighteen lines at the beginning of the Waggoner, we have specimens in plenty of what the Lakeists admire, but which we hold to be extravagant foolery usurping the semblance of poetic imagery. "Soft darkness" is hard to understand; "confiding glow-worms" with their "earth-born light," still more unintelligible; and "a tired breeze with a haunting," quite a *lusus naturæ*. Nevertheless they serve to introduce the subject in a way entirely à la Wordsworth. We have just been told that except the buzzing of the Dorchawk, that solitary bird, there was nothing but

Silence deeper far than that of deepest noon—

Yet the author bursts out with

Hush, there is some one on the stir!  
'Tis Benjamin the Waggoner;—

As if the Dor-hawk, the only noisy creature in creation at the time, cared one jot for Benjamin, or would cease its own wheelings to listen to his wheels! We do not insist upon the trite vulgarity of being "on the stir," as the poem abounds with similar expressions, under the utterly mistaken idea that whatever low terms the Lake Bards and their followers please to employ, become immediately exalted into poetical fitness by the mere honour of their selection. Thus, for example, we hear of the driver that

Many a breathing fit he takes.

At a shower of rain

He starts—and, at the admonition  
Takes a survey of his condition.

When he meets the Sailor, this doggrel ensues

Then Benjamin entreats the man  
Would mount, too, quickly as he can.

And he replies—

"Go you your way, and mind not me;  
For I must have, whate'er betide,  
My Ass and fifty things beside,  
Go, and I'll follow speedily!"

Now truly if this be poetry, why, the following is also poetry:

To a little tent hard by  
Turns the Sailor instantly;  
For when at closing-in of day  
The Family had come that way;—

But it is vain to follow out these glaring defects with the hope of bringing this School to a sense of what is due to the Muse—she is to them a dirty pot-girl, and, as with depraved tastes of another kind, the more homely the better. Nay, even black stockings and uncleanness come, from this species of indulgence, to be preferred to well-dressed beauty and refinement. Our Waggoner and his friend are described,

After their high-minded riot,  
Sickening into thoughtful quiet.

And as if one nasty image were not enough, the horses straining their utmost efforts are painted with the accuracy of a beastly Dutchman, and all that is filthy enlarged upon, as other writers might dwell on a charming picture:

And the smoke and respiration  
Rising like an exhalation,  
Bends with the mist,—a moving shroud;  
To form—an undissolving cloud;  
Which with slant ray the merry sun  
Takes delight to play upon.

"Then did the Sun on dunghill shine," as our friend Pistol says, for we are sure the God of Day is vilified by being accused of delighting to play upon any such unsavoury ("undissolving!") cloud.

If Swift's definition of a good style be correct, this composition of Mr. Wordsworth is not only indifferent poetry, but bad language. No one can allow that the annexed passages are examples of "proper words in proper places;" on the contrary, they are improper words adopted for rhymes' sake, expletives to eke out the measure, or expressions which do not convey the meaning of the writer. Of a sign it is said, that it

Offered a greeting of good ale  
To all who entered Grasmere Vale;  
And called on him [i.e. bid him] who must depart

To leave it with a joyful heart.

Of the waggon-team, when Benjamin exhorts them to proceed,

The ranks were taken with one mind.

(i.e. one mind of eight horses!)

A storm.

The road is black before his eyes,  
Glimmering faintly where it lies;  
Black is the sky—and every hill,  
Up to the sky, is blacker still:

The angry master discharging the waggoner on account of the ass having kicked the dog:

This aggravation,  
This complicated provocation,  
A hoard of grievances unsealed;  
All past forgiveness it repealed;—

A nobler ship did never swim.

The Waggoner with prompt command,  
Summons his horses to a stand.

Other blemishes of other sorts might be multiplied, but this is no pleasing task, nor would we perform it but for the arrogant claims put forward by this class of writers, and we shall only cite two of bad grammar. The Sailor

Intent to use his utmost haste,  
Gained ground upon the waggon fast—  
And gives (gave) another lusty cheer;

The Cherry Tree:

Thence the sound—the light is there  
As Benjamin is now aware,  
Who neither heard nor saw—no more  
Than if he had been deaf and blind—

Than which four lines of more family construction are not to be found in any author, from Taylor the water poet to the lowest scribbler of the Lakes.

We now arrive at the more agreeable office of endeavouring to extract specimens of Mr. Wordsworth's better parts. Benjamin's victory over the first ale-house (which reminds us of that of a great drinker, who swore he would pass the door of the tap where his morning dram was wont to be swallowed; kept his oath, but immediately returned to reward his constancy with a double allowance) and the approach of the storm, are neatly given:

While Benjamin in earnest mood

His meditations thus pursued,  
A storm, which had been smother'd long,  
Was growing inwardly more strong;  
And, in its struggles to get free,  
Was busily employ'd as he.  
The thunder had begun to growl—  
He heard not, too intent of soul;  
The air was now without a breath—  
He mark'd not that 'twas still as death,  
But soon large drops upon his head  
Fell with the weight of drops of lead;—

He is astounded, wonder not,  
With such a charge in such a spot;  
Astounded in the mountain gap  
By peals of thunder, clap on clap!  
And many a terror-striking flash;  
And somewhere, as it seems, a crash,  
Among the rocks; with weight of rain,  
And rattling motions long and slow,  
That to a dreary distance go—  
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,  
A rending o'er his head begins the 'fray again.

The description of the assemblage at a village tavern is a spirited drawing:

Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have we  
Feasting at the CHERRY TREE!  
This was the outside proclamation,  
This was the inside salutation;  
What bustling—jostling—high and low!  
A universal overflow!  
What tankards foaming from the tap!  
What store of cakes in every lap!

What thumping—stamping—overhead!  
The thunder had not been more busy:  
With such a stir, you would have said,  
This little place may well be dizzy!  
'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—  
'Tis what can be most prompt and eager;—  
As if it heard the fiddle's call,  
The pewter clatters on the wall;  
The very bacon shows its feeling,  
Swinging from the smoky ceiling!

A steaming Bowl—a blazing fire—  
What greater good can heart desire?  
'Twere worth a wise man's while to try  
The utmost anger of the sky;  
To seek for thoughts of painful cast,  
If such be the amends at last.  
Now, should you think I judge amiss,  
The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this;  
For soon, of all the happy there,  
Our Travellers are the happiest pair.  
All care with Benjamin is gone—  
A Cæsar past the Rubicon!

He thinks not of his long, long strife;—  
The Sailor, Man by nature gay,  
Hath no resolves to throw away;  
And he hath now forgot his Wife,  
Hath quite forgotten her—or may be  
Deems that she is happier, laid  
Within that warm and peaceful bed;

Under cover,  
Terror over,  
Sleeping by her sleeping Baby.  
With bowl in hand,  
(It may not stand)  
Gladdest of the gladsome band,  
Amid their own delight and fun,  
They hear—when every dance is done—  
They hear—when every fit is o'er—  
The fiddle's squeak—that call to bliss,  
Ever followed by a kiss;  
They envy not the happy lot,  
But enjoy their own the more!

This shews that if the choice of subject were mended, the author might paint more passably: his local scenery is also, in some places, accurate and natural. These are, we presume, the "gleams of fancy" which he tells us have been shed on his tale,

Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still  
Upon the side of a distant hill,

insomuch, that "Nature might not be gainsaid," and he accordingly published the "adventurous song." These reasons, and a four-and-sixpenny book added to the five-and-sixpenny Peter Bell, will, it is trusted, satisfy the reading public. For ourselves, we will part on good terms with the author, and therefore subjoin two of the best sonnets our taste enables us to select from the twelve which conclude these pages.

#### THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

The Imperial Consort of the Fairy King  
Owns not a sylvan bower, or gorgeous cell  
With emerald floor'd, and with purple shell  
Ceiling'd and roof'd; that is so fair a thing  
As this low structure—for the tasks of Spring  
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell  
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell;  
And spreads in stedfast peace her brooding wing.  
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree  
bough,

And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow crown  
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,  
Fine as the Mother's softest plumes allow:  
I gaze—and almost wish to lay aside  
Humanity, weak slave of cambrous pride!

I WATCH, and long have watch'd, with calm  
regret

Yon slowly-sinking Star,—immortal Sire  
(So might he seem) of all the glittering quire!  
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet;  
But now the horizon's rocky parapet  
Is reach'd; where, forfeiting his bright attire,  
He burns—transmuted to a sullen fire,  
That droops and dwindles; and, the appointed  
debt

To the flying moments paid, is seen no more.  
Angels and Gods! we struggle with our fate,  
While health, power, glory, pitably decline,  
Depress'd and then extinguish'd: and our state,  
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,  
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

*Proceedings in Parga and the Ionian  
Islands, &c.* By Lieut. Col. C. P. De  
Bosset, Companion of the Bath, Knight  
of the Guelphic Order, &c. London  
1819. 8vo. pp. 198.

The author of this work claims indulgence for his style, as being, like the noble natured Othello's, rude, and such as might plead the apology of a military life for wanting the polish derived from literary studies. But if we are to judge of composition from the effect it has upon our minds, he needed no excuse: his unadorned statement is calculated to excite the strongest sensations, and if Sterne's feeling Uncle Toby could sinlessly exclaim on hearing poor Le Fevre's story, "By G—d he shall not die," we are sure that an honest heart, on reading the tale of the brave Parguinotes, may with equal impunity shout forth, "By G— not a hair of their heads shall be sacrificed by that monster Ali Pasha."

As this subject is before the House of Commons, and appointed for a further discussion next week, it acquires an additional interest; but even without that recommendation to notice, it has the most powerful claims on British sympathies, and on our best efforts to save a confiding multitude of our fellow-creatures from ruthless tyranny and merciless murder;—of, let us also say, our fellow Christians, from the unhallowed degradation and butchery of cruel Mahomedanism.

None can be more sensible of the difficulties which beset ministers than we are—our domestic situation is painfully intricate; our foreign relations diverging into a countless number of clashing pretensions, all of which must be consulted and weighed. Probably there are other embarrassments brought upon Government by other means,—such as the inaptitude of individuals to offices of great

trust and delicacy at home, which they hold through political connexion, without possessing the necessary talents for the effectual discharge of their duties; the exercise of undue authority by capricious or overbearing officers abroad; the impossibility of always correctly ascertaining the public opinion, or of always distinguishing the truth amidst conflicting representations—these and many more circumstances augment the labours and distract the minds of an administration, and either voluntarily, as in the cases of inefficiency among their own members, and interests too strong to be removed; or involuntarily, where correct knowledge is unattainable, they have, with men of candid judgment, much to urge in extenuation of the errors into which they may fall. Those who suffer, however, through any of these influential or operative causes, derive small comfort from the conviction that they are likely to exist in human institutions; and when we see Colonel de Bosset a victim to them, banded from office to office, his oppressor shielded by family or extraneous considerations,—and all because (even if in the wrong) he stood upon a highly honourable and purely conscientious ground, we cannot but be sorry that such things are. For these are the weaknesses which carry the infection of Reform into intellects otherwise too sound and healthy for its reception; and force even the warmest friends of the Government to regret, that a rotten borough or a Parliamentary vote should enjoy a sort of omnipotence denied to merit and desert of every other kind. As Mathews says in one of his grumbling characters, "Tis very annoying, but so it is"—a man had better be born a Burgess of a small borough, than have to found his hopes of promotion on long and faithful services. But we leave reflections, for the publication of M. de Bosset.

This volume consists of several parts: 1st, a personal introduction; 2d, documents connected therewith; 3d, a concise view of Parga in its present state; 4th, its history; and lastly, testimonials of various kinds relating to its latest political occurrences, and to the share the author had in these events.

The preliminary statement shortly details the services on which M. de Bosset, who is a Swiss by birth, has been employed since 1796, when he entered into the British army. These appear to have been of considerable confidence and responsibility, and among the rest he was four months Governor of Parga. Thence being recalled by Sir T. Maitland, he refused to preside on a special commission appointed to try some



of the native Ionians, on the ground that the trial would be unconstitutional, and the office of President inconsistent with his military duties. Upon this he was suspended, "in the name of his Majesty," Sir T. Maitland assuming that authority; but had previously resigned his place of Inspector of the Ionian Militia, as the only means of evading a task which he held to be irreconcilable with the principles of right and justice. On returning to England, His Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief, to whom no report of his suspension had been made, reinstated him, but from a *feeling of delicacy* towards Sir T. Maitland, wished no more to be said about the matter. The *Guelfic Order*, and other marks of approbation, being also conferred on the author, he seems to have been willing to make no further stir, but has been ultimately induced to publish this book in consequence of injurious imputations upon his conduct from the Mediterranean, and of the desperate crisis which has arrived to the fate of Parga and its inhabitants.

As this place can be little known to the generality of readers, we pass over the intermediate matters, and come at once to the descriptive notice of it.

Parga is a small town, on the coast of Epirus, surrounded with walls, and built on a conical rock, the base of which is washed on three sides by the sea; it is thus situated between two bays, which afford landing places for the shipping of the country. This fortress is crowned by a sort of citadel, where the commandant resides. It embraces a magnificent prospect, including on one hand the whole territory of Parga, and the mountains of Albania, by which it is bounded. From east to west in a southerly direction, the eye ranges over a part of the Ionian Sea; on the left are seen the Isle of Santa Maura, and the promontory from whence Sappho terminated her woes; further on, appear the mountains of Cephalonia; and on the right, at the distance of twelve miles, are the islets of Paxo and Antipaxo. The territory of Parga extends only two or three miles round the city, and the population amounts to between three and four thousand inhabitants.

This small country is backed by a steep mountain, which separates it from the dominions of Ali Pasha.

Parga has always been considered as an integral dependency of the Ionian Islands, and as a military post of great importance to them, and in particular to Corfu, of which it is called the *Ear and the Eye*.

By the industry of the people, and the fertilizing influence of the springs and rivulets, which water the soil in every part, the vicinity of Parga has become one of the most smiling and agreeable spots that can be seen.

The river which flows near Parga is held by several geographers to be the celebrated *Cocytus*: it flows between rocks in a narrow bed, and forms some cascades before it reaches the valley to-

wards the coast. Its junction with the sea is half a mile north of Parga; and the mouth of the still more classically famous *Acheron* (now *Aspro-Potamo*) is six miles to the southward of that fortress.

The Parguinotes differ materially from their neighbours, the Albanians, in language, costume, and usages, and this difference may be ascribed to their connections with the Venetians, and with the Islanders; but with more probability, to their origin. They are hospitable; and one of the reasons for which Ali Pasha hates them, and wishes to possess their country, is, that it has ever afforded an asylum to the victims of his tyranny. Many examples might be adduced of their hospitality. The protection which they afforded to the unhappy Suliotes, who had escaped the sword of Ali Pasha, would alone establish their reputation for this virtue.

The principal occupations of the inhabitants of Parga are agriculture and navigation. They cultivate the vine on the high hills, and make a tolerably good wine, a part of which they export to the neighbouring isles, to which they also send fruits of different kinds. The corn and maize which they reap are scarcely half sufficient for their consumption; they also cultivate flax for their own use, and tobacco, which they manufacture and export. This tobacco is much esteemed in the neighbouring countries. The most lucrative branch of the commerce of this little state consists in oil, oranges, citrons, and cedrats. These articles are transported to Paramithia and Joannina, and are mostly sold to the subjects of Ali Pasha. The cedrats are to be excepted, a fruit which succeeds better, and is cultivated in greater abundance at Parga than any where else, and which is exported in small Parguinote vessels to Trieste. The cedrats are gathered green, before they have acquired the size of a citron, and are in this state packed with great care. They are consumed by the Jews, whose ritual requires them to be used in religious ceremonies at a certain period of the year. If the Parguinotes do not obtain a suitable price for their cedrats at Trieste, they take them into Poland, where they dispose of them to advantage.

The Parguinotes profess the Greek religion, under the direction of a *Protos-Papa*. Among their usages is a curious one respecting marriage. The couple live together as man and wife for a year, before the union is completed; and at the expiry of that period, good cause being shewn, the parties may separate. This, we fear, would be a bad matrimonial precedent for more civilized nations; but the author tells us very naively, that if the separation (which rarely follows) takes place "the whole affair is placed in statu quo."

The Parguinotes are of a gay disposition; their marriages, baptisms, and in general

all festive occasions, are accompanied with dances. They practise the *Romaic* or circular dance, common to all Greece.

In comparing the Parguinotes with the most industrious and laborious nations of the north, they would not be distinguished for those qualities; but considered with respect to their neighbours, and to their fertile soil, and mild climate, they may be pronounced an industrious people.

Such are the people whose ancient history does not interest us so much as their existing situation. From the fall of the lower empire, they preserved a sort of independence under the protection of the Venetian republic, and are in nothing more remarkable than in their utter detestation of the Turks. Yet by the treaty of 1800, between Russia and Turkey, Parga, together with Prevesa, Bucintro, Vonitza, &c. was ceded to the latter power, but under many protecting clauses. The people refused to consent, and defended their liberty for six months; but being menaced by Ali Pasha, they submitted to the Porte, received a Bey from Constantinople, and continued till 1806 with only one Turk in their fortress. In 1807 the Ionian Isles were ceded to France by the treaty of Tilsit; and it is to the credit of the French Government that it would not deliver up the Parguinotes to their enemy Ali, who left no intrigues untried to get them into his grasp. In the course of the war, Parga was occupied by the British in March 1814, but was again ceded to the Porte, in order to obtain the assent of the Divan to the Ionian Republic being placed under our protection. Stipulations of the most favourable kind were made in behalf of the Parguinotes, and it was agreed that every one who wished rather to withdraw from his country than trust to the faithless promises of Ali, should be at liberty to retire, and have the value of his property paid to him by the Albanian tyrant. To this day the negotiations on this point are pending, and it is not therefore too late to save these fine and gallant men from the evils which threaten them. We have mentioned the deadly hatred with which they regard the Turks, and, above all, the Pasha of Ionnina, with whose barbarous and relentless character they seem to be well acquainted. One or two extracts will illustrate this matter: When the Commissioners of Great Britain and the Porte first met to ascertain what portion of the natives chose to expatriate themselves, we are informed,

In consequence of the proclamations, all the inhabitants of Parga were called one by one, with the greatest formality, before the two commissioners; and all, without ex-

ception, declared, that rather than submit to the Ottoman authority they would for ever abandon their country, were they even to lose all they possessed; and that in quitting the land of their birth, they would disinter and carry away the bones of their forefathers, that they might not have to reproach themselves with having left those sacred relics to the most cruel enemies of their race.

One of them, named Gianachi Zulla, who was deaf and dumb, being interrogated in his turn on the course which he proposed to take, and having ascertained what was signified to him, indignantly turned to the Turkish commissioner, and gave him to understand, by the most energetic and unequivocal gestures, that he would never remain under the dominion of the Pasha, who only sought to retain them in order to cut their throats; then pointing to the British flag, which was floating on the citadel, he vehemently testified that violence alone could withdraw them from the protection which they were now enjoying.

And three years after.

Another English Commissioner (Lieut.-Col. James Maitland) and other Turkish and Ionian agents were sent to Parga in the month of April. In compliance with the particular wish of the Pasha, the inhabitants were again called, one by one, before the Commissioners of the two nations, to declare whether they would remain, or quit the country after the cession; and notwithstanding the time and opportunity given to the Pasha's agents to influence the determination of the Parguinotes, this measure had the same result with that of the preceding year, not a single individual being found willing to remain.

Of the original valuation it is said—

According to an approximate estimate, the total value amounted to more than 500,000*l*. The number of olive trees exceeded 81,000, and amounted in value to 200,000*l*.

Ali Pasha is prone to acquire possessions by other means than those of fair payment. His policy is, according to all we have read, in Dr. Holland, Vaudoncourt, and our own correspondence in the Literary Gazette, one tissue of fraud, rapine, treachery, and massacre. Well may the hapless objects of his ambition resolve to fly, or perish in arms defending their native soil, rather than submit to a demon so inhuman. Prevesa, as well as Suli, and other districts we have mentioned, are horrible examples of his atrocious villany; and we wonder, if there be no stones in heaven but what serve for thunder, that inscrutable Providence permits such a wretch to afflict the earth. Of the taking of Prevesa, 1798, the following are a few particulars:—

The Vizir lost no time; on the night of the 25th October the shouts of the Alba-

nians were heard in the mountains as they approached. The General issued orders to act on the defensive, and the national guard was called to arms. The firing began at the advanced posts, about three in the morning; and at day-break Ali Pasha, with his two sons, at the head of nine thousand Albanians and a corps of cavalry, rushed down furiously from the mountains.

Some secret agents of the Pasha, who had introduced themselves into the ranks of the municipal guard, and certain intimidated individuals among them, fired on their auxiliaries the French troops. The Albanians, profiting by the disorder and confusion thus created, took possession of the guns, penetrated into the ranks of the French, and after a sanguinary contest, in which the latter were all killed or made prisoners, the Turks entered the town.

Torrents of flame and smoke soon announced the fate of the unfortunate town of Prevesa. It was in vain that the inhabitants had turned their arms against the French; it was in vain that by such an act they had propitiated their safety. Their houses, which fell down amidst a vast conflagration, were frightful presages of the lot reserved for them. Night came on, and that alone suspended the fury of the assailants, while it stayed the effusion of blood. But the next day was to give light to a scene of cold and premeditated barbarity, and prove of what the resentment of Ali Pasha was capable. He came like death, to seat himself on the smoking ruins of Prevesa. Elevated there in a high gallery, which had escaped the fire, he commanded to be brought before him three hundred Greeks of Prevesa, whom he inhumanly caused to be slaughtered in his presence. In vain they supplicated; the merciless sword was upon them, and the heart of that barbarous man, barbarous by principle and calculation, remained unmoved; he applauded as he beheld the flood flowing.

At Suli in 1603 all were exterminated, save those who cut their way to Parga.

A group of women, who were pursued to the verge of a precipice, threw their children down, that they might not become the slaves of their enemies.

The majority of the inhabitants of the towns of Vassiliona Navitza, were massacred in an unexpected attack while in their churches; the few who remained were dispersed in Thessaly. In 1812, the city of Gardiki was taken; and the miserable people were butchered in cold blood, out of revenge for indignities put upon the mother of Ali, forty years before. Seven hundred and thirty wretched Gardikiotes were massacred at one time in the area of the large Khan, and an inscription on the wall still records this outrage as a glorious feat of the villain who perpetrated it. We will add no more, but to express a hope that if ever the honour of Britain was held precious, not a Christian of Parga will be surrendered

into the fangs of so black a fiend. The effort to save them, and to justify himself, seems to us most honourable in Colonel de Bosset.

#### HEUDE'S TRAVELS FROM INDIA.

(Concluded.)

*Zeidees, or worshippers of the Devil; Ninerch; Effect of Pashas' heads in Turkish travelling, &c.*

On the 14th the party were at Erbil, the famous Arbela, where the unfortunate Darius lost his empire. It is a mean dirty town, with a ruinous castle on the summit of an artificial elevation, seemingly the decayed materials of prodigious works. Its population consists of Christians, Arabs, Koords, Turks, Jews, and Zeidees; and it is famous for the manufacture of heavy blankets.

These Zeidees are worshippers of the Devil; a sect peculiar to this region. They extend over a considerable tract as far as Merdin, and we have the following remarkable account of them:—

The Zeidees of Mount Sinjar; a sect of fanatics who infest the small desert between Mosul and Nisibin, and are not, I believe, so properly speaking, "worshippers of the devil," as deprecators of his wrath. They stand nearly in the case, it would seem, of the old beldame who was observed to light a taper for his Satanic majesty, after having performed the like courtesy to the more venerated shrine of the Holy Mother: "He was not so bad," she said, "as the folks would have him; and there was no knowing where she might want friends."

Of their peculiar tenets there is little known; for as the Turks only tolerate those sectaries who have the sanction of a written law (as the Christians and the Jews,) the Zeidees are obliged to accommodate themselves to circumstances, and frequently assume the denomination of the enquirer, calling themselves Mahomedans, Jews, or Christians, as prudential considerations may suggest. It is asserted by some, that they equally venerate the Koran, the Scriptures, and the different authorities of the Christian and Mahomedan religions; whilst there are others who would maintain that they are derived from Jezid and those Arabians who slew Hossein, the grandson of Mahomed, and persecuted the family of Aly with so much rancour and virulence. The Zeidees in this respect resemble the Mahomedans and the Jews, that their males are circumcised in early youth; but as this custom is equally practised by other Asiatics, and (as we have understood) by some Christians in the East, so in the use of wine, and other strong liquors, they would seem to separate themselves from the more strict observances of this religious sect. The Mahomedans abhor wine, and yet in some instances will be found the greatest drunkards in the



world: the Zezidees, on the contrary, seem to venerate the mirth-inspiring grape, as the immediate gift of the Deity, and scruple at the most trifling waste of it as at an utter abomination; carefully holding the goblet with both hands when they drink, and attentively covering up with earth the drops that fall, as the immediate portion a superior power has reserved. It may be allowed, where this custom is scrupulously observed, there is little danger indeed of absolute intoxication; as a single moment of forgetfulness might utterly destroy those hopes of salvation they entertain in the general tolerance of their faith.

It seems a general principle amongst the Zezidees, that the mercy of the Creator is boundless, as his wisdom is infinite; and when they speak with reverence of the power they are accused of worshipping, calling him "Lord and Master," it is only in the assurance of seeing him restored to those honours he has forfeited by his disobedience. Why provoke his wrath, they say; why interpose between a fallen angel and the great principle they worship; when it may so happen that his faults will be forgiven him, and when it is certain their curses and interference are *uncalled for* by superior might? God wants not their aid to punish a fallen servant, and better shun his example than curse a name which they even esteem it unlawful to pronounce. As well might they interfere between the prince and his officers; as well might they draw the sword to punish a favourite, who lives but in the breath of the Sultan, and who may rise to honours on the morrow, as he has been disgraced for the day. Followers of Shaik Ade, they are accordingly deists of the most tolerant principles, and not worshippers of the devil as is generally believed: Christians on *Christian* ground; or Mahomedans like himself, as a *latitudinarian* mufti once asserted; and the description was perhaps correct.

They chiefly reside in the neighbourhood of Mount Sinjar, a range of hills which cross the plains of Mesopotamia to the south-east of Merdin, and are celebrated for the grapes, figs, and apricots, which they produce almost spontaneously. In the winter they dwell in caves on the brow of these mountains; and issue forth during the summer months into the open plains, stopping the caravans, and plundering all they meet with indiscriminately. On these occasions they pitch their tents in the desert, after the manner of the Bedouins; fight on horseback with a sabre, a lance, and pistols, a rifle or a fusil, which they can use with equal dexterity in the advance or the retreat; firing as they fly at speed (like the more celebrated Partians, whose country they partly occupy,) and seldom missing their aim. The Zezidees are in general fine, personable men, dressed like the Turks, trained from their youth to arms, extremely well mounted, and capable of enduring the greatest fatigues and privations; but, commonly speaking, as wantonly cruel and treacherous (murdering their prisoners, or stripping them naked, and leaving them

to perish in the desert,) as they are sometimes cowardly. We heard some very dismal accounts of their treatment of various travellers who had fallen into their hands; but were also informed of two or three instances whereip the resolution of a single individual had absolutely intimidated them, and saved the whole caravan from being plundered.

At present they are thought to amount to between one and two millions, and are divided into small independent tribes or families, each under the conduct of its own immediate chief. These various tribes are said to be derived from five original families; but can now better be distinguished as "stationary," or "wandering Zezidees;" the one and the other being again separated into "blacks" and "whites." The "white Zezidees" are the laity; the "blacks" (so called from the colour of their dress) the clergy; though it would not appear these priests are very constantly employed in the duties of their ministry, since they are often met with as shepherds, in charge of the common flock.

Amongst other extravagant superstitions they are accused of, it is believed, and probably true, that once a year they assemble at a large cavern in the side of Mount Abdool Aseez, where they devote a portion of their wealth and most costly ornaments to their founder and the Devil, by casting them into the yawning abyss: accompanying this offering (which is perhaps emblematical of their contempt of worldly goods) by the most horrible and profane ceremonies; and dancing to the wild music of their horns and cymbals, in the most uncouth and frantic expression of religious inspiration. The Zezidees commonly purchase their wives from the parents, but are never allowed to repudiate them after consummation, except they devote themselves to the church, when the divorce is permitted, and they marry again; a liberty that may perhaps account for the numbers of *black Zezidees* that are to be seen amongst them. We heard nothing of the peculiar ceremonies that are observed at a birth, but were informed they rejoice at a funeral; unless when their friend has fallen by violence, and has not been avenged. In this case the body is consigned in silence to the grave, and the nearest relatives commonly shave their beards, as a mark of the distress and dishonour they labour under; never again allowing them to grow, and delaying all funeral honours, until the manes of the deceased have been appeased.

Their devoting a portion of their wealth in gold and silver, as already mentioned, has perhaps given rise to the popular belief, of their having a very considerable treasure concealed in a well for their Shaik, when he shall return and visit them.

About 400 miles from Bagdad, on the route which we have been tracing, is Mosul, which, standing on the western bank of the Tigris, is generally conjectured to be very nearly opposite to the

site of the famous Nineveh. It is approached by a bridge of 15 arches, but the five in the centre have fallen in, and a ferry has been substituted. Extensive mounds of earth, apparently artificial, and resembling those of Babylon, are distinguishable, a little higher up the stream on the eastern side. The first, about a mile up, is nearly a mile in circumference; a second, not so large, but crowned with a cupola, is seen considerably higher, and, under the appellation of "*Jonah's Tomb*," is a place of pilgrimage to the Jews. The small village around it is called Nineveh. Similar inequalities in the ground are visible on the surface of the plain for many miles. Mosul itself is still a large town surrounded by a lofty stone wall, with handsome mosques and hummums, and a population of about 36,000 souls, of whom one-third are Christians. It is governed by a Pasha of the first order, and in the surrounding mountains are silver mines and marble quarries. On the 22d, the escort had arrived at a village called Tezeean, well watered by several rivulets that fall into the Tigris. During the preceding days they had encountered many marauders, armed with matchlocks; but these fell away on discovering the armed force of the travellers. At Tezeean we have a novel, if not a delightful, picture of Turkish journeying.

The chief made his appearance, after a while, in a very unceremonious manner, and attended by twenty or thirty savage looking ruffians, all perfectly well armed. These folks seemed to view our party from the beginning with an eye of jealousy and mistrust, intruding themselves in our places in a rough, boisterous manner, that soon produced a very animated discussion between our principal Tartar and the chief. The fellow, a tall, athletic Koord, of a most ferocious aspect, seemed to doubt the authenticity of the firman we had brought with us; and insisted on seeing the heads, in proof of its authority. When the saddlebags that contained them, however, were brought forth, and when a small square box was taken from each, and (the lid being removed) a white linen bag was opened, and the grim and ghastly features of the fallen Pasha were exhibited, the ruffian turned aside evidently discomposed; whilst it was equally plain he applied the moral to himself. In the height of his pride, at that moment, and in the full enjoyment of his independence, he had never perhaps been taught the possibility of a reverse; but the same power (said our Tartar, with a determined look) can strike off thine, Mustapha Aga! if you dare to insult the officers of the state! The lesson was sufficient: he made light of the threat, but the impression seemed indelible; and after a while he withdrew, depressed and mortified in the extreme, leaving us to ourselves; profess-

ing, as he  
our firm  
thus vind  
the evening  
every kind  
introduce  
away the  
rest, but  
readiness  
guard aga

The fir  
to Const  
ble battl  
trasted v  
eastern  
rapid Tig  
ther wor  
rived on  
tinople is  
the day a  
set off f  
having l  
news fro  
him. O  
shift for  
principal  
subsequ  
but it is  
readers,  
within."

Hastil  
ward, a  
stantino  
seizing  
were fir  
his obse  
novelty.  
teen (qu  
Asia Mi  
Amasia,  
Scutari  
review t

Memoir  
parte

In our  
from th  
but we  
pressur  
selection  
entertain  
might  
leave o  
resume  
character  
Whate  
person  
propor  
and it  
with l  
enable

Nap  
thought  
way;  
punch  
loved.

ing, as he retired, the utmost respect for our firman, and the authority that could thus vindicate its rights. In the course of the evening, he sent us abundant supplies of every kind; and a favourite buffoon was also introduced with his compliments, to beguile away the time: after which, we retired to rest, but with our sabres and pistols in readiness, at the desire of our chief, to guard against treachery during the night.

The fine city of Diarbekir, second only to Constantinople, with its black marble battlements and sable houses, contrasted with the liveliest colours of eastern apparel, and seated on the rapid Tigris, seems to belong to another world—here the head-bearers arrived on the 23d. Thence to Constantinople is about 900 miles; and yet, on the day after they left, the Tartar guide set off full gallop for that destination, having learnt that some one with the news from Bagdad had got the start of him. Our countryman was thus left to shift for himself, while ascending the principal range of Mount Taurus. His subsequent adventures are interesting; but it is full time for us to say to our readers, "for further particulars inquire within."

Hastily as the author pushed forward, and from Mount Taurus to Constantinople his party rode like madmen, seizing fresh horses, when their own were tired, at the muzzle of the pistol, his observations are striking and full of novelty. On the 28th he was at Malatya (quondam Mitlene,) the capital of Asia Minor; and on the 4th of April, at Amasia, the birth place of Strabo. With Seutari on the 13th, the journal and our review terminate.

*Memoirs of the Court of Napoleon Buonaparte.* London 1819. 8vo. pp. 333.

In our No. 1196 we made some extracts from this work of Madame Durand's, but were at that time prevented, by the pressure of matter, from finishing the selections we had marked as curious and entertaining for our readers. That we might not, however, take so abrupt a leave of the volume as we then did, we resume the subject, and add a few more characteristic traits to our former review. Whatever relates to this extraordinary person, must continue to have an interest proportioned to his wonderful fortunes: and it is pleasant to contrast his earlier with his later life, as this publication enables us to do.

Napoleon had his moments of gaiety, though it was manifested in a very singular way; namely, by pulling the ears and pinching the cheeks and arms of those he loved, and occasionally by boxing their

ears. Duroc, Berthier, Savary, and a few of his aides-de-camp, frequently received these salutations, accompanied by the epithets, *grosse bête*, *butor*, &c. and all with the utmost good humour. This species of familiarity appeared very strange to Maria-Louisa, particularly when it happened to be directed to her. The Emperor was frequently present at her toilette, and never failed to give her some of these marks of friendship. One day he happened to pinch her arm rather more violently than he probably intended. She rose, and uttered a shriek. Napoleon, without being disconcerted, gave her a more gentle pinch on the other arm, called her *grosse bête*, embraced her, and in this manner peace was concluded. Madame de Montebello was perhaps the only individual of the court who ventured to manifest any disapproval when the Emperor took similar liberties with her.

One day, as he entered the apartments of the Empress, he observed a young lady seated with her back towards the door. He beckoned to those who saw him to be silent, and advancing softly to the back of her chair, he placed his hands over her eyes. She knew of no one who was likely to behave in this familiar way except M. Bourdier, an old and respectable man, attached to the Empress's household in quality of chief physician, and she immediately concluded it was he. "Have done, then, M. Bourdier," she exclaimed; "do you think I don't know your great ugly hands!" "Great ugly hands!" repeated the Emperor, restoring the use of her eyes, "you are hard to please, Madam!" The poor young lady, overwhelmed with confusion, withdrew to an adjoining apartment.

Napoleon took great pleasure in embarrassing those with whom he conversed, and in asking captious questions, in order to throw them into confusion. To him this was easy, for he possessed a superficial knowledge of every thing; there was no art or science on which he could not discourse, and of which he had not acquired a few technical terms. To display more knowledge than the person whom he interrogated, on a subject with which the latter ought to have been particularly acquainted, was a triumph of which he never failed to avail himself, and he mercilessly took advantage of the embarrassment and timidity to which his presence occasionally gave rise. A short time after the promulgation of the code which bears his name, he signed the marriage contract for the daughter of Doctor Boyer, his principal surgeon: "This contract is of course drawn up according to the custom of Paris?" said the Emperor to the notary who presented it. "No, Sire," replied the latter, "it is according to the Napoleon Code." He had sufficient presence of mind to perceive the snare that was laid for him; had he answered in the affirmative, the Emperor would not have failed to observe that the Napoleon Code had abrogated the custom of Paris.

A word on the gallantries of Napoleon.

Much has been reported and printed on this subject, and intrigues have been attributed to him with women of whom he never entertained a thought. It is not however to be inferred, that he never had transient likings and fancies; and it may well be supposed, that, in the situation in which he was placed, he seldom found much difficulty in gratifying his inclinations. But though he talked freely of the amours of others, he was silent with regard to his own; and was, in particular, far removed from that silly ostentation which displays itself in boasting of favours never obtained.

In his youth he had entertained a passion for Madame de Paulowski, a Polish lady. She is one of the two women, who, after an intimate connexion with him, still retain his esteem and friendship; and he has received from her the most touching proofs of affection. On his abdication she repaired to Fontainebleau to bid him farewell; and when she learned that Maria-Louisa had not followed him to the Island of Elba, she repaired thither with a son she had by him, and determined to reside on the island merely as a friend, whose society might be agreeable to him. But to this Napoleon did not consent. He could not think of giving the Empress the mortification of learning, that a woman whom he had loved, though before marriage, was living in his society, and Madame de Paulowski remained only three days at Elba.

Buonaparte retained for a long time the friendship which he had contracted at earlier periods, and having become first consul, he continued to receive, at St. Cloud, those friends whom he had known in his humbler fortune. What contributed to make him change his conduct in this respect was, that many of them forgot what was due to the chief of the French government, and thus forced him to remember it himself. Dugazon was amongst this number: one day that he was at St. Cloud, Buonaparte remarked that the embonpoint of this actor had increased considerably. "How round you are growing, Dugazon," said he, patting him on the stomach. "Not so much so as you, my little man," replied the buffoon, allowing himself the same liberty. My little man said nothing, but Dugazon was never admitted into his presence again. Ysabey, the miniature painter, was not more discreet.

Talma also took some liberties, which very justly displeased Buonaparte. He was banished from his intimacy, but did not lose the protection of a master who paid his debts every year, and allowed him considerable donations, without, however, being able to make him rich.

We shall only add one anecdote more, as it relates to a General and notorious tool of Buonaparte, who (we see by the daily papers) has just arrived at Gravesend from Malta, in consequence of some quarrel he has had on that island. Of this worthy, said Napoleon,



"I love Savary, for if I should order him to murder his father and mother, I believe he would do so." But though this language shewed that he regarded him as a necessary instrument of his power, yet it did not prove that he esteemed him.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,  
FOR APRIL 1819.

(Continued.)

Art. II. Descrizione degli Stateri anticho, illustrati con le medaglie. Per Domenico Sestini, &c. &c. Firenze. 1817.

**STATERS.** A work which is probably already known to many of those readers whose studies have given them a taste for the subject treated of in this learned volume; and we may therefore be dispensed with going at length into the erudite critique of M. Raoul Rochette, which is continued in the Number of the Journal for May.

M. Sestini is one of those men who in latter times have the most contributed to the advancement of the science of numismatology. His various travels have enabled him to verify, in the places themselves, the origin of numerous monuments which had hitherto been placed in the class of uncertain coins. The different cabinets of Europe which he has published, have enriched the geography and history of numismatology with a still greater number of precious discoveries. But among his labours, which have been so useful to science, one of the first places is certainly due to the work before us, the object of which is to make us acquainted with a whole class of monuments, which the most judicious critic of the last century, the learned Eckel, treated as imaginary.

Several ancient authors have, however, spoken of a silver coin and of a gold coin, both called stater. M. Raoul Rochette quotes briefly the various texts relative to this coin, from which he deduces the value of both the gold and the silver stater, and shews that the silver stater was equal to a tetradrachm or four drachms; that the gold stater was of the weight of two attic drachms; and its value (equal to the gold daric) was twenty attic drachms of silver, so that five darics, and consequently five staters, were equal to a mina of silver. The reviewer enters into a learned inquiry respecting the staters of different cities, and then proceeds to an elaborate critique of M. Sestini's book, with whom he ventures to disagree on some points, though he acknowledges without reserve the great merit and importance of his present work.

III. *Norum Testamentum, &c. &c. interprete Leopoldo Sebastiani Romano.* Londini. 1817.

This Latin version of the New Testament having been printed in London two years ago, is sufficiently known to the lovers of biblical literature in this country. Notwithstanding the very high opinion which the translator expresses of his own performance, M. de Sacy does not appear

inclined to concur in it. Though M. Sebastiani, even in his title page, states that he has followed chiefly, though not exclusively, the Alexandrine MS. M. de Sacy shews, by quoting several texts, that he has very frequently departed from the MS. which he professes to have taken for his guide, even when it seemed to deserve the preference, and had the Vulgate in its favour. M. de Sacy also gives an account of the adventures of Father Sebastiani, abridged from his own account, which does not seem to have inspired his reviewer with a very favourable opinion; he, however, refrains from making any remarks upon it, except to refute a most violent diatribe against the London Bible Association, which the Baron is tempted to think may have provoked the resentment of the father, by not having taken on itself the expense of printing his edition of the New Testament.

IV. *Fundgruben des Orients, &c.*

This is the conclusion of the critique on M. von Hammer's Essay against the Knights Templars (see our 121st Number.)

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,

I have the pleasure of sending you a translation of two original letters of the heroic Prince Louis of Prussia, who was killed at Saalfeld, before the fatal battle of Jena. They were communicated to a friend of mine by an officer whom the Prince honoured with his confidence, with permission to make them public. No. I. is the rough draught of a letter which the Prince dictated to the officer in question; and was addressed to a man who thought himself entitled, by his earlier connections with the Prince, to write to him in a tone of authority. No. II. is an extract from a letter written by His Royal Highness to the same officer, and shews his views of the state of public affairs in Europe, a short time before his lamented death.

*Original Letters of Prince Louis of Prussia.*

No. I.

I have received your long letter. An expression of your friendly remembrance, and of your interest in me, would have been agreeable to me: though I do indeed find it in your letter, yet it is mixed with such a quantity of extraneous matter, that it loses thereby a great part of its value.

Believe me, when a man really means to give advice with a good intention, he must, before he does it, before he judges, inform himself carefully of the state of the case, and not partially; unless he does this, you see yourself, that as he can draw only false conclusions from false premises, he misses his aim, and that his advice, in the opinion of him who receives it, can be valued at the most only for the good intention: this I

will allow to your letter, and in this respect thank you for it.

Every line of your letter proves how falsely you are informed respecting me; had you lived more in the world, did you know mankind better, nay, were you to open any book of ancient or modern history, you would know that every man to whom nature has given any degree of advantage, who is above many prejudices, is exposed to be the subject of the vain discourse of the envious, the foolish, and the idle. The Greek philosopher Epictetus (to reply in a becoming manner to the maxim of Socrates, which you have quoted to me) says on this subject, "If people speak ill of you, and it is true, correct yourself; if not, laugh at it."

It is difficult, my dear \*\*\*, to advise another man; presumptuous, unphilosophical to do so, when we do not know either the ideas, the principles, or the degree of happiness which every man needs for his welfare. I can assure you that mine does not exceed the bounds of the strictest possibility; consists neither in ideal, intellectual enjoyment, nor in sensual gratification; but in a wise mixture of both, which is best adapted to our nature, and by which the pleasures allowed to us weak mortals are reciprocally heightened. I perceive that you must have a very mean idea of my understanding, since you would feed it with such poor food as our shallow periodical German publications are. Though you believe (to make use of your own expression) that I have lived but little for the better part of myself, that is, for my mind and heart; I assure you that I know better how to cultivate them than to waste my time upon any of those publications, except the *Literary Journal* and *Zach's Ephemerides*. I read *Hufeland*, which you recommend to me, a year and a half ago, and purpose, if ever I should have children, to make a trial of it on my eldest son, and as I am rendered unfit for it, I will consume my vital flame after my own method.

For the rest, my good friend, I do not desire to retard the more perfect development of my soul, by tarrying too long in this mortal covering; and this would certainly be the case if, by a course of life regulated on the principles of *Hufeland*, I should become, for example, 150 years old. I must remark besides, that *Hufeland*, like all systematic writers, has the fault of being very greatly mistaken in many of his assertions. The persons whom you recommend are partly known to me; but I confess that, as I am used to converse with people of taste and cultivated understandings, and who are besides above prejudices, I prefer, to those who possess only mere dry science, a book, which is in this respect much superior. You have, besides, omitted to name to me two persons who are greatly superior to them in knowledge and understanding: I mean M. Mellin and Dr. Voigt. The remark respecting the Princess of \*\*\*, which you have thrown out as a temptation either to my vanity or my avarice, is very unphilosophical, little suitable to the true end of



marriage, nay even contrary to moral principle, and much might be said on it, as much might still be said respecting your letter. In conclusion, dear \*\*\*; I must beg you to pardon me for not being able so far to command my feelings and my logic as to answer your letter in even a superficial manner; but since as a disciple of Kant, faithful to the principles of that great philosopher, I am prohibited from employing the slightest untruth, I have been compelled to tell you my real opinion of the contents of your letter. Make yourself, however, easy respecting my circumstances; every thing is here terribly exaggerated; as all the reports circulated respecting me are the work of idleness, envy and calumny. Meantime may you be well and happy, and be persuaded that I shall always consider it among my most agreeable duties to contribute to it according to my ability, both now and in future.

LOUIS, Prince of Prussia.

#### NO. II.

June 20, 1806.

\*\*\*\* Of our public concerns I do not like to speak, because they are too mortifying and degrading. The Cabinets and Ministers seem so entirely to have forgotten the principles on which political liberty and the balance of Europe were formerly founded, the hearts of most men are so filled with petty egotism and cowardly despondency, that it cannot be difficult for a man of energetic character, who can command the forces of a fourth part of Europe, to attain all his views. Our weakness and our irresolution have made him great. The state of things at this moment has hindered me from going to England: but all patriots wish and hope that harmony may soon be restored, and that Prussia, delivered from all \*\*\* Ministers and Counsellors, may act, in union with England, a more dignified part than she does now, and thus contribute to the delivery of Europe and to her own. I should think myself extremely fortunate to become acquainted with the Prince of Wales; and I heartily congratulate you on being near a Prince who is universally celebrated for his understanding and his amiable manners, and who certainly wants nothing but a suitable occasion to show his talents in a brilliant light.

It would be very agreeable to me to be able to be of use to you here, and to give you proofs of the friendly esteem with which I am

Your very devoted

LOUIS, Prince of Prussia.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JUNE 5.

The whole number of Degrees in Easter Term, was D.D. One; B.D. Five; B.C.L. Two; B. Med. One; M.A. Twenty-six; B.A. Thirty-nine.—Matriculations Seventy. Wednesday last, the first day of Easter Term, the following Degrees were conferred:

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. Richard Webster Huntley, Fellow of All Souls' College; Edward Elton Chaundy, and John Garden, of Exeter College; Rev. William Coles Bennett, of Queen's College; Rev. Hugh Williams, Fellow of Jesus College; Edward Philip Cooper, Fellow of St. John's College; Rev. Robert Salkeld, of Corpus Christi College; Rev. Miles Formby, and Joseph Hodgkinson, of Brasenose College; Rev. Thos. Glascott, of Balliol College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—George Hemming, Esq. of Merton College, grand compounder; Thomas Shaw, Esq. of Brasenose College, grand compounder; Daniel Harson Collings, Robert Duncombe Warner, and Edward Davis Slade, of Queen's College; Thomas Powell, Scholar of Worcester College; John Hughes Williams, of Jesus College; George Walker, of St. John's College; Henry Washington, Fellow of New College; Henry Brown Newman, Scholar, Henry Thomas Atkins, George Rivers Hunter, and Charles Howard Whitehurst, of Wadham College; James Acland Temper, and Robert Oliver, of Merton College; Honourable William L. L. Fitz-Gerald-de-Ross, Student, William Graham, William Gray, Thomas Rowley, and George Tyndall, of Christ Church; John Sinclair, Gent. Commoner, of Pembroke College; William Simmons, Frederic Borradaile, Frederic Vincent, John Bonham, and James Formby, of Brasenose College; Charles Addams Williams, Edward Timson, and John Sillifant, of Trinity College; Charles Edward Smith, of Oriel College.

#### CAMBRIDGE:

May 31.—The following gentlemen were on Wednesday last admitted to the under-mentioned Degrees:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—George Cookson, of St. John's College; John Brand of Trinity College; Edward Dykes Bolton, of Pembroke Hall.

BACHELOR IN CIVIL LAW.—John Morton, of Jesus College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Arthur Hubbard, of Christ's College; John Lucas Worship, of Jesus College.

June 5.—The Rev. Daniel Guildford Wait, of St. John's College, was on Monday last admitted Bachelor in Civil Law.

The French Academy has this year proposed two subjects for prizes in the class of poetry: One is *The institution of the Jury*; and the other, *Mutual Instruction*.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

The Quarterly Review, at the end of a severe article on Captain Ross's account of the voyage to Baffin's Bay, says, "An Expedition, we understand, is about to proceed under the direction of Lieutenant Franklin, late commander of the Trent, from Fort York, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, with the co-operation and assistance of the Hudson's Bay Company, to the north of the Copper Mine river, and from thence along the shore of the Hyperborean sea, to the eastward or the northward, as the case may be, in order to settle the long sought point which forms the north-eastern extremity of the Continent of America." The Reviewer queries whether Lieut. Franklin or Lieut. Parry will have the honour of deter-

mining this question, but thinks it is likely to be decided by one of them. Should Captain Ross, however, after all, be correct in his geography of Baffin's Bay, it will be decided by neither.

ANTIQUITIES.—It is well known that the French Department of Jura contains a vast number of antique monuments, either Celtic or Roman. During some recent diggings on a piece of uncultivated ground near the high road between Strasburgh and Lyons, the remains of some edifices were discovered, equally remarkable for their extent and singularity. They consist of brick closets, twelve or fifteen in number, furnished with leaden columns and pipes, air holes, and a vaulted stove made of stone. The latter contained ashes and charcoal, in such a state of preservation, that it was easy to ascertain from what species of wood it had been produced. The monument resembles *Hypocausta* of the Romans, and there is reason to suppose it has been an edifice of that kind.

#### THE FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 309. Jacob's Dream. *W. Allston, A.*

"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."—*Genesis*.

The subject of Jacob's dream has been treated by Raphael in a design, with others from Scripture history, and etched by Horatia Borgognone: it has also been chosen by Salvator Rosa, and his performance is considered, we believe very justly, to be one of the finest works of that master of the sublime and the romantic in art. We do not, however, bring these forward with any idea of lowering the feeling of admiration which Mr. Allston's picture has so deservedly excited; but, on the contrary, by the comparison to show that while these two great artists employed their skill rather on the design than the effect, Mr. A. has thrown the chief force of his talents into the poetical and visionary part, and has (we are satisfied) attained his purpose in a very high degree of excellence. The charm of his effect indeed is so great, that it prevents, till after a long view, any observation of the minor objects, if we may be permitted so to designate the Patriarch and the host of heaven. The eye is then carried from the opaque to the luminous, by a gradation of mingled light and tint, with the scattered forms of glorified beings dimly seen; but it is not till the imagination has had time to cool, that we are led to regard the component parts. It is our opinion that the effect would not have been diminished had the figure of Jacob been more principal, and the figures of the nearest angels less; we are aware that, as a contrast, they have their use, but the Patriarch is lost among them, and might, from similarity of size, &c. be mistaken for a fallen

angel. We ought to notice also, that he seems to be too direct a copy from A. Carracci, a drawing from whom, representing a human being similarly fore-shortened, is among those which Harlow made in Italy. The ladder is epically raised in dignity—the angels are rather formally winged, and want variety; one of them, on the right, is in a strange attitude, the action and step indicating the opposite actions of ascending and descending at the same time: but the general merits of the painting far outweigh any minute deficiencies, and we consider the composition altogether to belong to genius.

No. 310. Aladdin. *T. Stewardson*.—We have inserted so fine a poetic description suggested by this picture, that we need not enter into any detail upon it. It represents Aladdin seizing the lamp in the Garden of gems, and is well conceived and brilliantly executed. No. 403. Admiral Sir P. Malcolm, K.C.B.; and 436. Sir James Little, *by the Same*, are two of the best painted portraits in the Exhibition, possessing great breadth and firmness of pencilling. The former is hung low, but the latter we much admire as a clear-toned and vigorous head.

No. 131. A Landscape. *Sir G. Beaumont, Bart. H.*—This general and unassuming title is given to a very fine composition of woody scenery, and it is sufficient to name the honorary artist to convey an idea of whatever is excellent in this department of the fine arts; at least, all our recollections of Sir George Beaumont's performances are allied to pleasures derived from his talent. In this instance, he has not fallen short of his former doings. The deep solitude of this forest scene, is broken by the story of Jacques and the wounded deer, but only as a subordinate feature; and the whole is managed with the truth of locality, united with the most picturesque and appropriate forms.

No. 1. Portrait of a Young Lady and her Brother. *A. J. Oliver, A.*—We consider this to be a successful specimen of Mr. Oliver's pencil, and especially as it respects the disposition of the figures. In most of his portraits, with the exception of No. 258 (J. Heath, Esq. which displays the artist to advantage,) we could have wished to see a greater glow of colour, in addition to the skill displayed in the light and shade. 388. A Lady and Child, is very black.

No. 65. A subject from Lalla Rookh. *H. Corbould*.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face:  
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—  
The one, the chosen one, whose place,  
In life or death, is by thy side.

Perhaps the best acknowledgment we can make to this young artist, for not sooner noticing his performance, is to say, that we took him for an elder and more advanced professor, with whose works we were well acquainted, and who was so firmly and highly established as to cause no surprise, and invite no prompt attention. On referring to the Catalogue, we had only a general recol-

lection of Mr. C.'s works; and we found sufficient to admire, both in the novelty and excellence of this charming subject. The picture is painted with much technical skill, and much poetical feeling, though the Peri wants that diaphanous semblance which is the pictorial characteristic of creatures not of this earth, and which Howard so admirably gives. It is, nevertheless, a clever and spirited performance, and places the artist high among our promising contemporaries in the class of design.

211. Bryan's Anathema. Lady of the Lake. *R. Cook, A.*—This is the only Fuseli looking picture which we have observed in the Exhibition. There is originality in the situation, and savage wildness in the scene; but the character of Bryan is not marked with nature, nor with that boldness of pencil required in such a subject. His head and expression are caricatured. The softness and blending, though well suited to the gleam of light thrown upon the infant in the mother's arms, like "the gem in an Ethiopian's ear," does not belong to the general tone of the piece, which is nevertheless creditable to the talents of the painter.

#### BRITISH GALLERY.

Hæc amat obscurum; vult hæc sub luce videri:  
Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.

Every one who frequents Exhibitions must have observed what very different opinions are given of the same works, by persons whose judgments appear in other respects nearly equal. We think it is generally to be accounted for, by remembering, that pictures produce their effect, either as combinations of skill addressed to the senses, or as symbols of character and passion addressed to the mind. Now individuals, with the same opportunities and the same cultivation, differ materially from each other in their sensibility; and in proportion as the imagination, or the senses, have been most frequently exercised in each individual, so will he seek for and admire the corresponding character in works of art. In landscape, moreover, our opinions are influenced by personal feelings; as the associations of our early years, or scenes of romantic enjoyment. To admire landscapes of the finest class, it is necessary either that the taste be naturally strong, or that frequent residence in the country strengthen those sympathies with nature, which are often stifled in the man "in populous city pent." Sir Joshua Reynolds is reported to have said, that he should expect to see another Raphael arise sooner than another Claude. And we certainly think that Claude more nearly completed his intention than any painter we know of. Two of the pictures in this collection, Nos. 4 and 61, are fine examples of his pencil, and to them we mean our remarks to apply. No. 45 is a fine picture, but it is not in his usual manner. Claude's effects are remarkably broad and simple. He seldom introduces that sharp relief and strong opposition of light and shadow, which other painters

employ to give vigour, and without which extraordinary effects cannot be represented. His principal light is near the centre—the foreground generally in shadow—the masses are kept very much together—and all the edges are softened. This repose and simplicity of effect, admirably correspond with the scenes he usually painted. His best pictures are those of the tranquil kind: every object introduced partakes of this character: the passions are lulled to rest: we forget the cares of the world: and for a time transport ourselves to pastoral scenes and elder times, when Man, in the fruition of the moment, might banish the thought of the past and the future, expecting for himself perpetual youth, and for nature perpetual Spring. We look at these pictures with the insatiable delight with which an extensive prospect is contemplated: every motion of the eye brings to light some fresh object, some undiscovered beauty: the most attentive spectator still finds it "ever various, ever new." This protracted pleasure, and frequently reviving interest, with which Claude's pictures are dwelt upon, is doubtless to be attributed principally to their high finishing; for his minuteness never disturbs the effect, never obtrudes itself upon the eye: seen from a distance, his pictures have all the breadth of Wilson; while, upon close inspection, we find nothing is slurred, nothing wanting. This finishing is kept in such wonderful subserviency to the general effect, that his pictures may be viewed at all distances, and by an eye of any focus. His colouring, though full bodied, is chaste and harmonious. And he seems to us in all respects nearly preserving the golden mean, and deserving the admiration of all who have eyes to see, or hearts to feel, the beauties of simple nature.

Poussin's landscapes are of a different character. They have more dash and rattle of pencil: they are often better composed: and his figures are touched in a firm, painter-like manner. These technical excellencies captivate an artist, and often make him at first give the preference to Poussin. But Claude we should be disposed to call the painter of the Golden age, Poussin of the Iron age. In Claude, every thing denotes luxuriance and tranquillity. The scenes of Poussin are torn by tempests, swept by cataracts, rough with precipices, the haunts of banditti or beasts of prey. But we think Poussin's bold pencil is better adapted to heroic subjects than Claude's tender one. In this Exhibition, Poussin has a great advantage, since his pictures are among the finest productions of his pencil, which Claude's are not. No. 12 is a remarkably fine one: the best Gaspar we have ever seen. No. 58, is partly by Nicolo, and is, we think, a model for this kind of subject;—minute finishing would have weakened the impression of this picture.

We have not left room to speak of the modern landscape painters; and their excellence is so generally acknowledged, that it is the less necessary. But it is our intention (after having gone through the diffe-



rent schools) to give a short summary of the whole, and we can then make amends for the present omission. T. C.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.]

IRREGULAR LINES ON ALADDIN,

*A Picture by STEWARDSON, in the Royal Academy.*

He has descended, weary, winding,  
With staff and foot his dark path finding;  
Mist on mist are in the cave—  
Must it be ALADDIN's grave?  
Now he stops (that distant wail,  
Twas the last echo of Earth's gale)  
Now feels his downward way again,  
Sunk at heart, in fear and pain,  
O'er the rocks his faint limbs trailing,  
The dungeon's damps of death inhaling.  
The cavern shakes, a sulphurous fume  
Burns in blue splendour thro' the gloom,  
The vapour scorch'd him as it past—  
He totters—death is on the blast—  
He calls on Heaven, then on his Love—  
He sinks—his eyes still fix above—  
And still he clasps his hands in prayer  
For her, while life yet beats, for her,  
Thankful in his last agony  
That she could not behold him die.—  
There came a tone, it was wild and sweet,  
Like the murmurs that on the twilight fleet  
As the sun gives his farewell look to the sky.  
He felt on his parching lip a sigh,  
He felt the tear on his eyelids swim,  
For the tone was like her Evening hymn.  
Is it a dream? He feels his hand  
Touched by a light and quivering wand:  
Faintly he raised his head from the stone,  
And dimly gazed. A radiance shone  
Before him, like the crescent line  
Of the new Moon, pale, argentine;  
And, hovering in its central white,  
On purple wings a shape of light:  
The eye that look'd its ringlets thro'  
Was brighter than the star of blue  
That lightens Winter's midnight sky,  
And on its ringlets' hyacinth dye  
A circlet shot a steady glow  
Like a ring of prisoned fire in snow.  
Its voice was solemn, and sweet, and low—  
It said—Arise! the prayer you sent  
Was born above the firmament:  
The moment that your suppliant hand  
Pressed on the "signet of command,"  
We heard it in our airy hall,  
Above the Dog Star's burning ball.  
Master! at thy summoning  
Behold the Genii of the ring.—

Then rose and fell on his ear a sound  
Like music echoing underground,  
Lonely, yet rich—as if subdued  
The distant voice of multitude,  
Or the wind's melody when the Sun  
Has his first garland of crimson thrown  
On the early Eastern sea,  
Or the forest's evening harmony,  
When every leaf has found a tongue,  
A swelling, sweet, inconstant song.  
And thickly thro' that lunar light  
Slept lovely shapes, then passed from sight,  
Winged Spirits, that seemed moving round  
In dance to that decaying sound,  
And beamed on the ringlets of each fair brow  
That ring of prisoned fire and snow.

ALADDIN rose, and to the East  
Prayed with his pale hands on his breast,  
Then tottered on—the light grows dim,  
Again the sulphurous vapours swim,  
The thunder pealed, the lightning shot  
Against the rock; a burning spot  
Seemed spreading on that granite wall,  
It wavered like a fiery pall,  
Broader and still broader growing,  
Till the whole sheet of rock was glowing.  
It burst at once in coils of flame,  
Then on his car in whirlwind came  
Laughter, and shrieks and battle-cries,  
Women's and Warriors' agonies.

His heart was firm, upon his hand  
He pressed the signet of command—  
The whirling flame before him rolled,  
He saw an opening porch of gold—  
He sprang within, his eagle gaze  
Sunk in the strong and sunlike blaze  
That lit the garden. Tree and flower  
Poured down a thick and restless shower,  
All living gems;—the vine-wreaths' green  
Was clustered with beryl and pearl and sardine;

The peach was opal, with a gush  
Of rubies, where the sunbeams flush  
Its cheek. The plum's delicious blue  
Was sapphire weeping honey-dew;  
The jasmine's star, the almond's blow,  
Flung quivering diamond beams below;  
The amethyst was stud and spine  
Crowning the amber-cuirassed pine;  
And shrub and moss and floweret sweet,  
Myrtle and rose, and violet,  
Brodered the carpet of their feet  
With gems that shook as if the breeze  
But dropt them from the jewelled trees.  
The boy rushed on;—he saw the lamp  
Like the central light of an Indian camp,  
Where the turbaned Rajah and swarthy Khan  
Prepare for the fight in the midnight divan.  
The sullen blaze of that lofty light  
Marked the place of mystery and night;  
The blaze of the talisman was sent  
Thro' the wavering folds of a gorgeous tent,  
That in hues of gold and purple shone  
Like the clouds of the West encircling the Sun,  
For there it had flamed from Earth's primal hour,  
The spell, sun, soul, of the Magic Power.  
The heart in ALADDIN's breast beat high  
With fear and with hope, for as he drew nigh  
The curtain dropt, and the lamp's fierce glare  
Threw a Simoom's heat on the breathless air:—  
Another step, and he touched the mount  
On whose summit it stood. Like a fiery font  
The lamp flung out long jets of flame  
That would rush to his feet, and then retire  
With the writhe of a wounded dragon's spire.  
He cast a frenzied look above,  
For he thought on his Arab Maid of love—  
Her parting words were in his ear,  
"She perished—if he perished there."  
He pressed the signet of command,  
A sweet breeze murmured by, it fanned  
His cheek, and moistened the curling hair  
That lay scattered and scorched on his forehead fair.

He climbed the hill, a loud lament  
Rang from the depths of the crimson tent;  
A thousand arrows seemed to spring,  
He could hear the whizzing of the string;  
A thousand swords round his turban swept,  
Yet still his steady way he kept.  
He touched the lamp—down sank the flame,  
Thunder and tempest and darkness came;  
His senses were gone; when he woke again  
He was standing beside the fearful den  
Where he first had plunged—in the distance lay,  
On the western skirt of the desert gray,

A city—can he believe his eyes?  
'Tis Bagdad—he hears his native cries—  
'Tis his camel that, sleeping, beside him lies—  
The ring's on his hand—the lamp's in his breast—  
He rises — — — TRISSINO.

[By Correspondents.]

## SONNET STANZAS.

Deems there, God holds no converse with the Earth  
He toil'd to form through seven succeeding days?  
But, that he leaves it now, as nothing worth,  
Or, in high anger at its wicked ways;  
When, of old time, if true that Scripture says,  
To commune with the worm that owes him birth,  
He sent his Spirits forth, tempering their rays,  
And speech, to Man's weak ear and feeble gaze,  
And made this World the fane of peace and mirth;  
While rose, of gratitude the humble lays,  
In thousand tones of thankfulness and praise:  
Ah! that there should of faith be so great dearth!

Man's folly wraps my senses in amaze,  
And vain to gloze his fault, my heart essays!

Although not palpable to sight and mind,  
The Eternal holds high converse with his slave;  
Speaks he not to us in the rush of wind?  
Speaks he not to us in the roar of wave?  
Can we no voice in the loud thunder find?  
No aspiration high in echo's cave?  
In deepest silence is no voice enshrined,  
By which thoughts calm and holy are enjoined?  
What stronger evidence shall mortals crave?  
Oh Man! to reason deaf, perverse, and blind,  
How long will you such testimony brave?  
Believe that, still, omnipotent and kind,  
As wont of old, you heavenly warnings have,  
Through Nature's voice it is, God speaks to save.  
W. T. MONCRIEFF.

## EPIGRAMS

ON A RECENT DRAMATIC OFFER.

GILES promises the stage he will reduce,  
And fine effects, avers, he'll thus produce;  
But 'tis e'en now reduced, and will be small  
When GILES is actor, manager, and ALL! L.

To lessen the stage, and bring forward the boxes,  
Of the new Drury Manager's one of the hoaxes;  
But the Stage now is lessened, say Drury's Inspectors,  
So let's try a new scheme, and bring forward good Actors. L.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## MAZEPPA.

Of Mazeppa, the hero of Lord Byron's forthcoming poem, M. Lesur gives an interesting account in his *Histoire des Kosagues*. He was born in the Palatinate of Podolia, of a good family, and was page to Jean Casimir, King of Poland. He had received at the court of that Prince some knowledge of the belles lettres; the graces of his manners and of his person introduced him to the house of a man of rank, whose wife be-

came enamoured of him. The husband having surprised them, scourged Mazeppa cruelly, tied him on a wild horse, and let him loose among the Steppes of the Ukraine; and thus this unfortunate young criminal was carried off into the Desert. A peasant came to his assistance; his health, broken down by fatigue, was re-established, and he enrolled himself among the Cossacks. He was soon distinguished by his bravery, and still more by his intelligence:—was appointed Aide-de-Camp of Samoïlowitch, the Hettman, and, on their return from the Expedition to the Crimea, the ungrateful Aide-de-Camp, taking the part of the accusers of his benefactor, was unanimously elected in his place, while his predecessor was sent to Siberia. Like the Turkish princes, Mazeppa's ambition was not satisfied until the two sons of Samoïlowitch were sacrificed to his suspicions. He cut off the head of the elder, who had, by his father's orders, gone in pursuit of the Tartars on the other side of the Borysthenes; and sent the younger to Siberia. These acts of injustice disgusted even his partisans; they proved that turbulence of character, ingratitude, and jealousy, which degraded his fine qualities, and were, no doubt, the ultimate cause of his ruin.

Mazeppa took part with Charles XII. in the war against Peter the Great, was present with a small troop of Cossacks at the battle of Pultawa; and after that celebrated defeat, retired with the Swedish monarch to Bender. It is doubtful whether he poisoned himself or died of sorrow, while in the Turkish dominions. He was said to be 80 years old at the period of his death (which happened about a century ago,) and, notwithstanding his crimes and misfortunes, was greatly lamented by the Cossacks, was honoured with a magnificent funeral, and may be said to have died with the independence of his people.

The amour in the early part of his life forms the subject of Lord Byron's Poem—to whose vivid pen the result of lawless love, the romantic punishment of the wild horse, and the adventures in the Steppes, offer materials of powerful interest and effect.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,  
OR  
SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.  
Second Series, No. XIX.  
SUNDAY MEN AND OTHERS.

Loitering in St. James' Street last Sunday, I observed a number of countenances which I always met on that day, but never,

by any accident whatever, fell in with on any other day of the week. Their features were above the common cast; their air bespoke men of fashion; they certainly were not the faces of shopkeepers; and, moreover, I knew two of them to be a Baronet and an ex-member of Parliament. Unfortunately, passing carriages, saluting acquaintances, fine women, but, above all, characters, which I always study, distracted my attention.

At dinner, however, I was seated next to Doctor Dangle, the greatest male gossip in the world, who makes five thousand a year by telling agreeable stories to fanciful ladies, and administering negative medicines to fanciful gentlemen; and the idea recurring again, like the paroxysm of a disease, I communicated my doubts on the subject to him. He immediately, from my description, mentioned the names of the parties; and I discovered that pecuniary difficulties precluded them from making their appearance on any other day except the sabbath.

These hebdomadal loungers are what are termed Sunday men. Lodging in the remote quarters of Pentonville, of Pimlico, of Vauxhall, Kennington, the Kent-road, or some where or other, two or three miles from Oxford Street, Hyde Park corner, or the Bridges, they waste an useless and uncomfortable existence six days of the week; and, on the seventh, they come forth in order to recruit their ideas, to vary the gloomy scene of life, or, unmolested, to transact their business, and to keep up those relations with the world, which would otherwise be wholly neglected and broken.

You may often discover in these characters the remnant of fashion and the impression of nobility, which adversity and seclusion have not quite destroyed—the air of a man of the world who has outlived his century, and an assumption of *sans souci*, portrayed in an agreeable smile, murmured through a low whistle, or played off by the flirting about of a whip, or the tapping of a boot that has a spur attached to it, but which has not crossed a horse for whole months, and by a judicious glance at another man's carriage horses or appointments, which bespeaks taste and the former possession of such things.

If you meet such men, they accost you with urbanity, and with acted cheerfulness, as if they wished to pass for the happiest fellows on earth; but the worm of regret gnaws their heart, and their constitution is, generally speaking, impaired. Honourable sentiment, often struggling with circumstance, preys upon their vitals; not having the courage to pollute their characters by a jail delivery, or to stoop to some low bankrupt trick to set them again on their legs.

For all such men, expelled from high life and from good society (by their own imprudence, I grant) and living in partial exile, I sincerely feel, and should always like to have a spare hundred to send them in an anonymous cover. To such men, in general, is attached a heart-broken wife, withering by their side in the shade; as the leaf and blossom cling together in all

weathers, until the storm beats on them too roughly, and prematurely destroys the weakest.

Another class of persons, very different from the last, is what are called Rulers. These are men who bear a dollar's worth of liberty in their pocket, namely, a four and sixpenny day-rule, under pretence of settling with their creditors, or of attending to their affairs, but more commonly with the view of keeping up old connexions, of enjoying deep-rooted habits, of diversifying the sameness of life, and of tasting pleasure as long as they can.

These worthies you may know by a sort of d—me brazening air—a look, which means, to an equal, "Well what's that to you if I am in the Fleet or in the Bench? I am not there alone; and I am counted a prime fellow, even there." To a tradesman, or to an inferior, it signifies, "You be—(what I will not name!)" Well, who cares for you! here I am, you see, in spite of your teeth and of your long bill; and I'll dine at Long's, and keep it up until within a few minutes of twelve; so go to the devil if you like."

The Sunday man often takes bye streets and short cuts, and courts something between retirement and a wish to see what is going on in town. But the Ruler affects publicity, hums a tune, speaks loud, capers on horseback, looks bold and impudent, goes into places of most resort, and will swear, to a stranger, that he is just returned from abroad, or is fresh from the races, or is come out of the country, with twenty other such counterfeit boasting subtleties.

The third character, who is narrowed in his liberty and in his views, is the man dipping o'er the lake of destruction, as the swallow skims about and skirts the pool before she laves her wings or plunges in. This man forms a *mezzo termine* betwixt the other two. It is he whose patched up affairs are bolstered by a letter of licence, which he, like the Ruler, has in his pocket, as defensive arms against an unprepared attack. He always looks uneasy; is over civil, particularly to a creditor; is speculative in his mind; looks out for squalls, accidents or adventures. A rich man may be thrown from his horse, and he may save his life, by which he may gain a friend and a loan; or the gentleman may die, and he may make him his heir; or an heiress may fancy him at the Opera, and marry him. He is always ready to hand a lady out of her carriage, or to take up a gentleman's quarrel. Then again he has an eighth in the Lottery: it may come up a prize. He'll make any bet you like; and if he win, it is well; if not, it is only a little more in misfortune's preponderating scale.

Such a man may always be known by his changeful countenance, by his overstretched complaisance; by his variability of temper, and by a general uncertainty in every look and in every action, blended with a suspicious glance.—"Perhaps he has omitted some creditor? Can any one have taken advantage of him? is he quite safe?" Such is the language of his eyes. But he is



always laughing, always in public, and always well dressed, lest you should suppose that he is a ruined man, or that he cannot face his affairs, and pay twenty shillings in the pound.

There are a fourth and a fifth genus of sinking men, discernible by their looks and behaviour. There is the ruined man running away from himself, in gaudy trappings, and in the highest appearance of prosperity, yet starting at a strange countenance, and trembling in his gilded car. This man shines in splendid misery, with writs and with executions at his heels; but he brazens it out, until the great crash overwhelms him. There is also the merchant contemplating his bankruptcy, and hesitating when and how to strike.

A physiognomist will discern every one of these characters. The loss of liberty, or the narrow enjoyment of but a brief and small portion thereof, disease the mind and disfigure the appearance. Happiness exists not in bondage; and whether a man be a slave to his passions or to his merciless creditors, it matters not; still is he shackled; still are his person and his actions chained; all concealment is vain; Nature, true to her feelings and to her first impressions, will betray the uneasy mind, whatever mask it wears; and although there's a great deal of truth in the sly Italian's proverb, which assures us that

Con arte e con inganno  
Si campa mezzo l'anno;  
E con inganno ed arte  
Si vive l'altra parte.

Yet do we much oftener deceive ourselves than others,—yet do we much oftener appear what we are, than what we wish to be taken for.

#### THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### DRURY LANE.

Drury Lane closed its career on Tuesday with a boxkeeper's benefit, and with this exhibition, we rejoice, for the sake of the Drama and Dramatic literature, to say, the Sub-Committee and all their Suite *Exeunt*. Not that it follows, of course, that a bad system being exploded, a good one must rise in its stead; but it gives us at least a chance to have men of experience and business to manage the theatre, and men of taste and talent to decide on the productions offered for representation. A meeting of the proprietors took place on Saturday, when it appeared that the debt of the House had been augmented from 84,000 to 90,000*l.* during this experimental season; various plans of redemptionary finance were mentioned, and a Committee appointed to receive tenders for renting the theatre. Among the aspirants to this dubious speculation, Messrs. Arnold and Kean were particularly specified, and other reports speak of Elliston, of a Company of Performers, of an Association of Monied-men, &c. &c. As yet Mr. Kean's has been the most distinct bidding, viz. 8000*l.* per ann.

Should he become the legal *Bottom*, it will be well for him dispassionately to review those parts of his conduct which have given so much public displeasure, and created for him so many adversaries;—he will then, we trust, adopt a line of more general moderation, of less exclusive stage display, and of greater conciliation towards his fellow labourers, independent authors, and especially towards the periodical press, which has so strong an influence over the destinies of plays and players. We see it stated that the first writers of the age have promised him their aid: if this be sooth, and mean any thing more than the poor assurance of a junta of mean parts, whom Mr. S. Kemble or Mr. Kean may take upon them to pronounce to be the choice and master spirits of the times, we might hope that some indication of dramatic genius may appear; but it must flow from new sources, for the springs with which we are yet acquainted are both meagre and muddy.

As for what is technically called the Management of the Theatre, it is not easy to give rules for the direction of so complicated a piece of machinery. As a leading principle, it might be pronounced in few words, "Let it be in every item the reverse of what it has been." Let the partiality, puffing, quacking, arrogance, indecision, subservience to private views, submissiveness to domineering individuals, and oppression of the rest of the company, which have so notoriously characterized the recent proceedings at Drury Lane, be utterly abandoned. Let the Capital have a set of Actors worthy of a national theatre, rather than the refuse of barns, the stupid connexions of parties concerned, and the female favourites of amateur directors. The late company were a most miserable set, and made a show far inferior to the provincial boards. At Birmingham, for example, the opening of the theatre at which place was announced last week in *Aris' paper*, we find Conway as Manager, Pope, Mrs. Edwin, Denning, Foot, and other respectable performers well known in London, besides many of the better actors from Bath, Cheltenham, &c. forming altogether a regular company, such as we have not lately seen cast into any of the plays at Drury Lane. This is not as it ought to be,—we may spare a star now and then for the country, but the Metropolis should shine with a whole galaxy of talent.

It might appear invidious to take a detailed review of the past season: It has ended, as every person of common understanding foresaw, in an aggravation of difficulties, and the only hope afforded is, that the crisis may open the way to future improvement, founded on past example. But there are a few cursory remarks, which, in order to procure due attention to so useful a lesson, in order to preserve the beacon light, we deem it expedient to make. We would advise, whoever gets into authority at Drury Lane, to give up that paltry mode of puffing pieces and performers, which has so much disgraced even the literature of play-bills. This custom is silly enough at

such places as the Coburg, whither Mr. Brown invites the watermen and nymphs to "the various and splendid unity of the matchless exhibitions" of himself "perpendicularly upon his head, keeping equilibrium during this unprecedented feat," "enveloped in a brilliant display of variegated, chaste, and classic fire composition," (one would think he was describing Lalla Rookh's Hafed, or the Fire worshippers;) but at a national shrine worthy of Shakespeare, such bombastic nonsense is abominable and disgusting. At Drury Lane, too, absurdity was superadded to degradation—the practice of puffing was disclaimed in puffs; it had not been done in the days of Garrick, and surely could not be necessary in the days of Kean,—and then succeeded the most unbounded, outrageous, ungrammatical, and false manufacture of panegyric, that ever provoked the contempt of the public. As if folly could prop vacillation, or barefaced effrontery impose trash upon the discerning for excellence. When the authors of these fulsome eulogies and untrue advertisements, look back on the whole together, disproved and contradicted as they are by the issue, surely they must be overwhelmed with shame, and present a warning spectacle of humiliation to their successors. We remember the *Barmecide* continuing to "excite the greatest interest," and to be received "with increasing approbation,"—for a very few nights: "Mr. Kean, in *Orestes*, making a brilliant and astonishing display of his powers," and being rewarded with "unanimous and rapturous shouts,"—for about six representations: *Is he alive*, "produced roars of laughter throughout," but lest the public should be thrown into convulsions, was speedily withdrawn: *Brutus*, never was any thing like *Brutus*, "transports of joy and rapture," &c. &c.; for 30 nights it netted 250*l.* per night, and the munificent public was immediately recompensed by having the prices raised without a notice, by the same wisdom which had before lowered them, on the principle that as 7s. could not pay the expenses, 5s. would, and assured the world that the plan had admirably succeeded beyond expectation: *Harlequin* and the *Dandy Club* "having excited roars of laughter throughout," the audience "peremptorily desired to be withdrawn the third night:" *Flodden Field* had such "complete approbation," that it lingered ten nights, and was afterwards advertised for months: *High Nations* attracted such "crowded audiences, and obtained such unequivocal approbation, accompanied by incessant roars of laughter," &c. that like its brethren of this dangerously convulsive tendency, its run was graciously shortened: *The Heroine* was "so abundant in interest," that it was immediately compressed into two acts from three; a sort of condensation which procured it to be endured about a dozen times in both states: *The Castle of Wonders* was equally honoured by "overflowing audiences," but the Managers, still unaccountably disliking these inconvenient multitudes, acted it very

seldom: *The Dwarf of Naples*, "rapturous marks and unbounded torrents of approbation," — Mr. Kean's transcendent genius, awfully sublime, absolutely astonishing," &c. &c. lasted a week: *Honour* was "so completely successful," that Mr. S. Kemble could, in a wonderfully short period, speak of it in his favourite character of Falstaff, "There lies honour:" *The Jew of Lubeck*, with its "lively interest," and general shouts; *Wanted a Wife*, with its "loudest and most general demonstrations of applause, accompanied (as usual) by roars of laughter;" and, last of all, the *Carib Chief*, rising "in fame and popularity," through Kean's "commanding and impressive talent, and effort of genius, triumphantly affecting," close this strange eventful history, which clearly proves that never was theatre so splendidly successful as Drury Lane, though, in fact, d—d in Tragedy, d—d in Comedy, d—d in Melo-drama, d—d in Farce, and d—d even in Pantomime. Never were houses so crowded, audiences so delighted, performances so superlative, and yet, alas! such is the crookedness of accounts, and the inflexibility of figures, in Dr. and Cr. statements, the only *Benefit* derivable from all this prosperity, must be a *Benefit* from *Sergeant Runnington*.

Let us anticipate better management and better times. It has been thought that the Literary Gazette was severe upon Drury Lane Theatre, but let any one look back upon this tissue of vulgarity, imbecility, and injustice, and declare if every lover of the Drama must not have desired to see so vile a fabric pulled down, and an opportunity afforded of restoring our Stage, if not to fame, at least to decency and common sense.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

MR. YOUNG'S BENEFIT.—We have but a few moments and a few lines to give to this accomplished actor, in one of his finest displays. His Cassius in the play of Julius Caesar was on Tuesday exchanged for Kemble's part, Brutus, and much as we expected from Mr. Young's powers, we were surprised by the vigour, finish, and originality of his performance. His speech to the conspirators in the garden, his harangue to the populace, and his dialogue with Cassius, the old scene of his triumphs, were received with the highest applause. If whispers which we have heard of his retirement from Covent Garden are not mere conjecture, we have no idea how a great tragic company can be formed without this actor, or how managers, once in possession of his talents, could account to themselves or the public for allowing them to pass elsewhere. Macready played Cassius for the first time, and gave a spirited and vigorous portrait of the character. Charles Kemble sustained the part of Anthony, unquestionably one of his happiest efforts, and one of the ablest pieces of acting upon the stage. For classical and dramatic effect we never witnessed a production superior to this, and the admirable Trio whom we have

particularised were capitally played up to by Messrs. Abbott, Yates, Egerton, and other favourite actors in the less prominent characters. The theatre was handsomely filled, and Yates gave much amusement in Silvester Daggerwood, with the song of Bartholomew Fair. He imitated Kean and Mathews with great humour.

MRS. SIDDONS.—On Wednesday this great actress performed Lady Randolph in Douglas, for the benefit of her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble; the attraction was irresistible, and the house crowded to excess with a brilliant audience. On such an occasion we do not conceive that Mrs. Siddons comes forward in a way which would entitle us to compare her with herself at the period when she regularly adorned the stage. Hers is no competition, for she had, she has, no rival. If she wanted any of the vigour of former days, there was still enough to enforce upon our minds the perception that we never should look upon her like again. Her performance altogether impressed us strongly with the same feelings with which we view a glorious painting by one of the ancient masters. The fierce glow of the colouring is mellowed down, the dazzling light is chastened, not extinguished, the boldness and the firmness of the pencilling are softened into perfect harmony—all is proportion and grace; dignity, and the most admirable keeping, delight the spectator; and the eye and the mind repose upon the noblest display of human genius, with an enjoyment increasing as we gaze and refining as we contemplate. Such were our sensations on Wednesday night. We regretted not that the scream was less loud, or the shriek less piercing, than heretofore: the maternal agonies were not less deeply affecting. We cared not that the step was less rapid, or the gesture less buoyant: the soul of tragedy beamed through every motion, and the purest judgment gave force to every action. We forgot that the voice failed in its higher tones, and did not observe that age required the British Melpomene to abandon the stage: the modulations of passion were so exquisitely true to hope, doubt, and despair, and the lighting of the look so indescribably fine. Tears and plaudits testified the general sentiment to agree with ours, and we imagine that two thousand persons never tasted a dramatic treat to which unanimous consent would more distinctly award the palm of excellence. The other characters were stung to the utmost efforts, and were in hands which could not fail to produce powerful effects. Young's Old Norval is a conception worthy of his talents; not below the grandeur of tragedy, not above the rank of peasant. The garrulity and feebleness of years, the dread of punishment, the affectionate solicitude for Douglas, the exultation and anxiety of the latter scenes, are as true to nature as nature is to herself.—Macready's Glenalvon, too, is a bold and judicious achievement: His appearance entirely congenial to the part, and his acting equal to its utmost demands.

Revengeful and resolute, aspiring to the top, but crouching under a consciousness of guilt and dread of detection, he passed through the trying ordeal of representing all the agitating emotions which sway him, with the full grasp and energies of a master. Though mentioned last, far from the least in desert was the Young Norval of Mr. C. Kemble. His figure like that of a Grecian youth, his commanding attitude and physical qualities, are well known and appreciated; but we think we never saw him to greater advantage than on this evening, probably excited by the example of his Sister, and by the presence of the multitude of friends, whose clustering faces and attentive eyes circled him all round. Be that as it may, he warmed into all the emotions of his part, and the blood of Douglas never displayed more of fire and spirit than in its representative. Upon the whole, the performances were such as will not soon be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness them, and a standard was erected by which it would be very dangerous to measure the merits of many plays or many (perhaps even the same) actors.

AT HOME.—Mr. Mathews closed his prosperous career on Saturday last, and took leave in an address, thanking the public for past favour, promising novelty for next season, and lustily defending his profession as *imitation* not *mimicry*. We shall not quarrel about names, but he is a most delectable mimic for all that, and a very fountain spring of laughable entertainment, whose overflowings of humour and of audiences, we shall be very glad to witness again.

#### VARIETIES.

It is said that M. de Chateaubriant has nearly finished a tragedy, entitled *Moses*, on which he has been for some time engaged.

Subscriptions are about to be opened at Vienna for erecting monuments to the celebrated Haydn and Mozart. It is also stated, that a conservatory of music is to be established at Vienna, and that the church of Maria Stiezen, the oldest in the city, will be added to the establishment, and contain the monuments erected to the great masters above mentioned.

M. Fiévée, a writer in a late Number of the *Conservateur* (a Paris ultra-royalist Paper), observes, with all possible gravity, that "the Royalists, after having once more sacrificed their lives and fortunes, will be reduced to fly to aid," &c. Upon which, a rival journalist observes, "The sacrifice of life, once more performed, reminds us of the following affecting lines of a romance à la Brunet:—

Il est permis de regretter la vie,  
Quand on la perd pour la première fois.  
M. Fiévée, who, after having sacrificed his life, would fly to the aid of other comb-



ants, resembles the Brutus of 1793, who, in a transport of ultra-demosthenic eloquence, exclaimed from the tribune, "Yes, Citizens, if tyrants should ever triumph over the Republic, I will cut off my head, and, presenting it to them, will exclaim, Tyrants, behold the act of a free man!"

PARISIAN HUMOUR (from a Paris Paper).—At a late private sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, M. G—l drew from his pocket an enormous packet of papers, and with great solemnity commenced a dissertation in favour of Mardonius, son-in-law of Darius, successor of Cambyse and King of Persia. The learned Academician proved, that Mardonius, who commanded the force which Xerxes left in Greece after the battle of Salamis, was a most skilful General, that his plan of campaign was admirable, and that the only error with which he could be reproached, was allowing himself to be killed at the battle of Plataea. A subject so interesting to French auditors, of course could not fail of producing effect. When the Academician concluded, the perpetual Secretary addressed him as follows: "My dear M. G—l, you combine policy with learning, for you have chosen the very moment when the Persian Ambassador is in Paris, to defeat the son-in-law of Darius. The Schah will doubtless confer on you some distinguished mark of favour for the pains you have taken to defend the memory of the son-in-law of one of his predecessors, who has been dead nearly nineteen centuries." After this, nobody will regard as too strong a caricature that scene in the *Marriage of Figaro*, in which Dr. Bartholo enters into a long argument in favour of the fair Thelastis, to whom Alexander the Great made a promise of marriage.

#### THE MADHOUSE AT AVERSA IN THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES.\*

This establishment will in a very short time be classed among the principal institutions of useful arts and manufactures. M. Linguiti, director of this hospital, which is the only one of its kind in Europe, makes continued experiments to cure these unhappy people, from which he always obtains the result, that moderate work, combined with agreeable amusement, is the best means. For this reason there is at present in this house a printing office, where several works have already been printed, and at which many of these unhappy people are employed. Others, who after the paroxysm is over recover for a short time the use of their reason, are engaged in making translations from the English and French into the Italian language. Besides this, many are occupied with music, others with husbandry and various other works, but particularly in a manufactory of woollen cloth.

By these means, this miserable class of

\* For a very interesting account of this establishment, see No. 74 of the Literary Gazette.

EDITOR.

people, once an incumbrance to their families and the state, become useful to society, and put many idlers to the blush. This kind of treatment is introduced not only in the hospital for male patients, but also in that of the women. M. Linguiti manages the whole establishment with wise economy. The table is always served with silver, and the whole house is handsomely fitted up, so that wherever the inhabitants turn their eyes they find something to relieve the mind. Formerly the windows were secured with iron bars, but instead of this, there are now flowers curiously made of iron, and painted from nature, as if growing, which remove every idea of forced confinement. A handsome domain adjoining the hospital serves for the recreation of the patients.

BY A FOREIGNER.

Louis XVIII. asked the Duke of Wellington familiarly, how old he was; the latter replied, "Sire, I was born in the year 1768." "And so was Buonaparte," rejoined the King; "Providence owed us this compensation."

A Mareschal of France having been detained for some time in his carriage at one of the gates of Paris, it was at last opened by an Excise-officer, who, seeing the hero, shut it again, saying, "Pardon me, your Excellency, laurels pay no excise."

An Irishman, possessed of a very treacherous memory, setting out on a journey, wrote in his memorandum-book: "Passing through Dublin, to remember not to forget to marry Miss \* \* \*."

A notorious liar boasted of never having told a truth. "Then you have told one now for the first time," observed a person who heard him, "and thus destroyed the only glory you had left."

On the high-road leading to Pappenburgh, is a public-house, called Nobis Inn (in German, Nobis Krug) from its founder, a man of the name of Nobis. After having experienced and overcome a great many difficulties from his neighbours, he had the following inscription added to the sign of the house, "Si deus pro Nobis, quis contra Nobis."

During Buonaparte's reign, a French Nobleman's coat of arms presented a squirrel climbing to the top of a tree, with the motto, "J'y parviendrai." When Buonaparte was informed of it, he said, "Il faut couper les pattes à cet animal là." And the Nobleman was obliged to leave his court.

A gentleman at a dinner party drank very little wine. The landlord pressed him to take some more, remarking, that if every body were to drink as he did, wine would become very cheap. "Allow me to differ from you there, Sir," said the gentleman; "on the contrary, I think it would get dearer, for I drink as much as I like."

Two court ladies having had a very warm dispute, and called one another by the worst of names, the Duke of Roquelaure asked, "Have they called one another

ugly?" He was answered in the negative. "Pooh," rejoined he, "then I will soon reconcile them."

A Colonel was very fond of talking of himself and his merits. Once he said, "It is almost impossible to conceive the business that I have on hand, for I am not only the Commander of the Regiment, but also its Major, Adjutant, and G— knows what all!" "Your own trumpeter too?" asked a Lady, ironically.

A Gentleman came to Paris to spend his money, and to be initiated in all the secrets of the reigning fashions. Amongst other teachers, he engaged a dancing-master; but he could never prevail on his pupil to turn out his toes. "I tell you what," said the latter, when pressed on this point, "I'll pay you double for every lesson, but then you must teach me to dance with my toes turned in."

Genius seems to differ in its development according to the soil that gave it birth; this made Kant, the celebrated philosopher, once say, Genius with us Germans strikes in the root, with the Italians in the branches, with the French in the blossom, and with the English in the fruit.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JUNE.

Thursday, 3.—Thermometer from 43 to 68.

Barometer from 30, 19 to 30, 15.

Wind SW.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Overcast generally.

About 8 A. M. a fine coloured halo was formed; by half past 8 it became less bright, when a remarkably strong parhelion was formed ten degrees to the eastward of the halo, whose apex, or cone, was so long as to reach to a stratus, upon which, at the distance of 55°, another parhelion was formed, though not so bright.

Friday, 4.—Thermometer from 54 to 68.

Barometer from 30, 11 to 30, 05.

Wind SW.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally cloudy; a little rain.

At 6 A. M. a beautiful double inverted halo appeared.

Saturday, 5.—Thermometer from 49 to 70.

Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 22.

Wind W. and SW.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear.

Rain fallen, 0.9375 of an inch.

Sunday, 6.—Thermometer from 39 to 67.

Barometer from 30, 21 to 30, 04.

Wind SW. and SE.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clouds generally passing; clear at times.

Monday, 7.—Thermometer from 50 to 70.

Barometer from 29, 83 to 29, 73.

Wind SW. 3.—Generally cloudy till evening.

Rain fallen, 0.125 of an inch.

Tuesday, 8.—Thermometer from 44 to 66.

Barometer from 29, 82, to 29, 76.

Wind S.E. 1.—Generally cloudy. At 7 in the evening, a fine parhelion was formed West of the sun.

Wednesday, 9.—Thermometer from 43 to 72.

Barometer from 29, 80, to 29, 83.

Wind SW. 1.—Generally clear.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor has not noticed any other critique on "Genius, a Vision."

OUI. Mais pas encore.

**Miscellaneous Advertisements,**  
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

*British Gallery, Pall Mall.*

**THIS GALLERY**, with a Selection of the most celebrated Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open, every day, from nine in the morning until six in the evening.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s. (By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

**MR. BULLOCK** respectfully announces to the Public his intention, at the close of the Sale of his Museum, of commencing the general Business of an AUCTIONEER, and of opening the extensive Apartments lately erected by him for the LONDON MUSEUM, and called the EGYPTIAN HALL, in PICCADILLY, for the reception of every kind of Property for Sale, either by Private Contract or the Hammer; and trusts that his general knowledge of whatever is connected with the Arts or Natural History, the advantageous situation of his Premises, and the strictest attention to the interests of those who may honour him with the disposal of their Property, will entitle him to a share of public favour.  
Piccadilly, June 7, 1819.

**MR. BULLOCK**, at his NEW AUCTION ROOMS, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, on Monday next, and two following Days, will SELL by the HAMMER, by order of the Proprietor, the whole of the MUSEUM of J. HULLET, Esq. of Austin-friars; consisting of Quadrupeds, Birds, Insects, Shells, Corals, Fossils, Indian Curiosities, &c. &c. in the highest state of preservation, and of the greatest variety. The sale to commence precisely at one o'clock.—To be viewed, and catalogues to be had.

**MR. BULLOCK** will also SELL (as above,) by the HAMMER, on Friday next, at one o'clock precisely, the entire COLLECTION of BEAUTIFUL BIRDS, of — Esq. who declines collecting.—To be viewed one day previous to the sale, when catalogues may be had.

**MR. BULLOCK** has further the honour to announce, that on Monday, the 91st inst. he will SELL by the HAMMER, an extremely fine COLLECTION of the valuable WORKS of ART, and a few unrivalled SPECIMENS of MINERALS, amongst which will be found the reserved and finest articles in the late Leverian Museum; consisting of the celebrated Oriental Toy, or Tomb of Confucius; the superb Lavcr, or Font of Raphael, from the Florentine Gallery; an unrivalled Mass of Orange-coloured Oriental Chalcedony, weighing upwards of 220 lbs; the well-known Slab of the true Oriental Aventurine, weighing more than five pounds, found in the Ruins of the Triumphal Arch of Julius Cæsar, in the Valley of Susa; two superb specimens of Labrador Feld Spar, presumed to be the first brought to England. Amongst the Works of Art will be found one of the most exquisite Miniature Carvings in Wood, comprising the Illustrations of the History of the Life of Christ, from the Annunciation to the Ascension; Carvings in Ivory; curious Models in Wax, &c. &c.—To be viewed, and catalogues had, two days previous to the sale.

**MR. BULLOCK** will SELL by AUCTION, (as above) on Tuesday, the 92d inst. a valuable COLLECTION of SCARCE BOOKS and BOOKS of PRINTS, in the most elegant and splendid bindings; consisting of Hume's History of England, Bowyer's folio edition; Les Figeons, by Madame Knias; Les Parroquets les Ciseaux de Paradis, by Vaillant; Chinese Mythology, illustrated by 100 drawings; Pennant, illustrated; Ackermann's History of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; History of Westminster Abbey; Shakespeare, illustrated by Boydell; Guercino Walden Plantarium Variorum Hungaria; Lavater, by Hunter; Don Quixote, engravings by Suirke; Religious Emblems; School of Raphael, fine impressions; Martin's Universal Conchology; Latham's General Synopsis of Birds, illustrated by 540 drawings, with manuscript notes by Latham.

On Wednesday, the 23d inst. and two following Days, (as above) a genuine and entire COLLECTION of singular WORKS of ART, made by the different Officers and other people on board the various ships employed in circumnavigating the Globe, or on discoveries, particularly those made by Byron, Wallis, Cook, and other of the first navigators in the present reign, consist-

ing of almost every article worthy of notice made (before the use of iron was introduced) by the natives of the different islands, and other places visited, among which are many of the first attraction in respect of rarity, singularity, and beauty of workmanship. At the same time will be sold various South Sea and other Shells, some Minerals, and other curious subjects of Natural History, &c.—To be viewed; and catalogues had, two days previous to the sale.

**MR. BULLOCK** will SELL, (as above) on Tuesday, the 93d inst. a fine COLLECTION of PICTURES, principally of the Flemish School, the particulars of which will be published in a few days.

**BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.**

**THE WORKS COMPLETE of The Right Hon. LORD BYRON.**—Handsomely and uniformly printed in 3 vols. 8vo. 42s.  
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

**HUMAN LIFE.** A Poem. By SAMUEL ROGERS.—A new Edition, in small 8vo. uniform with the Pleasures of Memory, 5s. 6d.  
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

**JOURNEY THROUGH INDIA and EGYPT** to England, in 1817, 1818. By Lieut. Col. FITZCLARENCE.—In 4to. with Nineteen Plates and Maps, 9l. 18s. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

**THE LIFE of Sir THOMAS BERNARD, Bart.** By the Rev. JAMES BAKER, his Nephew and Executor.—In 8vo. With a Portrait. Price 8s. 6d.  
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

**THE COURT of ENGLAND**, in the time of Charles the First. Being a Translation of Marshal Bassompierre's Account of his Embassy to London, with Notes and Commentaries.—8vo. 9s. 6d.  
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

**LYRICAL DRAMAS; with Domestic Hours**, a Miscellany of Odes and Songs. By CORNELIUS NEALE, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.—In 1 vol. foolscap 8vo. hot-pressed, price 9s. boards.  
Printed for Finnoch and Maundrell, 267, Strand.

In 1 vol. 4to. embellished with a Picturesque View of Algiers, a Plan of Lord Exmouth's Attack, and Map of the Country, price 2l. 2s. boards.

**NARRATIVE of a RESIDENCE in ALGIERS**, comprising an Account of the Manners and Amusements of the different People of BARBARY; with Observations on the Climate, Population, Trade, and Productions of the Country, the state of Agriculture, of the Arts, Military and Naval Power, Christian Slavery, Financial and Piratical Systems, &c. interspersed with numerous Anecdotes of the reigning Dey and his Ministers, and of the late Expedition under Lord Exmouth. By SIGNOR PANANTI. With Notes and Illustrations, by EDWARD BLAQUIERE, Esq. R. N. Author of Letters from the Mediterranean.  
Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit Street.

*Dedicated to the Duke of Wellington.*

Elegantly printed in 1 vol. imperial 4to. embellished with 30 coloured Plates, Portraits, Maps, Plans, &c. price 6l. 6s. boards, or in Four Parts, at 1l. 11s. 6d. each, the last three of which are sold separately, to complete sets.

**AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT of the CAMPAIGN in the NETHERLANDS**, in 1815, under his Grace the Duke of Wellington and Prince Blücher, comprising the Battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo. With a detailed Narrative of the Political Events connected with those memorable Conflicts, drawn up from the first Authorities, and dedicated to the Duke. By WILLIAM MUDFORD, Esq. Illustrated by numerous public and private Official Documents, and other Papers hitherto unpublished, communicated by Officers of the highest distinction. Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit Street; and Thomas Egerton, Whitehall.

The 3d Edition, revised, with all the Names restored.  
**HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS** to GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq. from the year 1717 to 1770. Published from the originals in the possession of the Editor.—In 4to. price 2l. 2s. boards.

"The Letters of Horace Walpole are master-pieces in their way: that in which they shine universally is their accurate reflection of the passing scenes of each day, pointed by remarks equally witty and sarcastic. A new Democritus seems to have assumed the pen, to sweep at the grave follies of the human species."—Quarterly Review.  
Printed for Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street; and Henry Colburn, Conduit Street.

**ANNALS of SCOTLAND**, from the Accession of Malcolm III. in the year M.LVII. to the Accession of the House of Stuart, in the year M.CCC.LXXXI. To which are added, Tracts relative to the Antiquities and Antiquaries of Scotland. By Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE, of Hales, Bart.—Third Edition, handsomely printed in 5 vols. 8vo. price 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. and Fairbairn and Anderson, Edinburgh; and Hulse, Robinson, and Son, 90, Cheapside, London.

Handsomely printed in 8vo. with four Engravings, price 7s. 6d. sewed, Number 1. of

**THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL**, exhibiting a View of the Progress of Discovery in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural History, Practical Mechanics, Geography, Statistics, and the Fine and Useful Arts. To be continued quarterly. Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

Contents:—*Astronomy*. M. Biot on the length of the Pendulum at Unst. Mr. Troughton on the length of the Pendulum as measured by Mr. Whitehurst and Captain Kater. Mr. Troughton on the Nautical Top.—*Optics*. Dr. Brewster on a Singular Structure in Apophyllite (with a Plate.) Mr. Sivright on a new Method of making Single Microscopes. Dr. Brewster and Dr. Gordon on the Human Eye. Dr. Brewster on a remarkable Optical Property in Tabasheer.—*Mechanics*. Method of Weighing Anchors on the Coast of Coromandel. Mr. Hunter on a Self-acting Pump (with an Engraving).—*Mathematics*. Professor Wallace on Elimination. Mr. Babbage on Prime Numbers.—*Chemistry*. M. Berzelius on Weak Affinities. Mr. Herschel on the Hypophosphorus Acid. Dr. Fyfe on the Waters of the Arctic Seas. Mr. Bald on the Temperature of Coal Mines.—*Mineralogy*. Mr. Adie on a new Hygrometer. Dr. Livingstone on an improved Hygrometer. Mr. Adie on the Sympsonometer (with an Engraving).—*Mineralogy*. Professor Jameson on Granite, Quartz Rock, and Sandstone. Dr. F. Hamilton (Buchanan) on the Diamond Mine of Panna. Professor Jameson on the Black-lead Mines of Borrowdale, Ayrshire, and Glen Strathfarrar. Professor Jameson on Secondary Greenstone and Wacke; on Connecting Veins, and on Trap Veins (with a Plate).—*Zoology*. Captain Scoresby on the Greenland Whale. Dr. Fleming on the Arctic and Skua Gulls. Mr. Neill on the Bauren of Scotland.—*Geography*. Sir Charles Giesbregt on the Residences of the Greenlanders. Captain Scoresby on Jan Mayen's Island. Mr. J. B. Fraser's Journey to the Sources of the Jumna and Ganges. Account of the Expedition to Baffin's Bay. Account of an Excursion to Thebes. Mr. Murray on the Niger, &c.—*General Science*. Account of the Inundation of the Val de Bagnes, with a Map of the Valley, and Views of the Glacier, &c. Account of the Discoveries respecting the Sphinx, and the Great Pyramid. Dr. Hibbert's account of Gilbert Pate, a boy born deaf and blind, in Shetland.—*Proceedings of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and of the Wernerian Society*.—Scientific Intelligence, &c.

In a few Days,  
**MAZEPPA.** By the Right Hon. LORD BYRON. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, by BENSLEY and Son, Bolt-court, Fleet-street: Published every Saturday, by HENRY COLBURN, Public Library, Conduit-street; JOHN BELL, Dealer in Newspapers, Sweeting's alley, Cornhill; and PINNOCK and MAUNDER, Booksellers, at the Literary Gazette Office, 267, Strand, where Communications (post paid) are requested to be addressed to the Editor. Also supplied by all Booksellers, Newspapers, and Stationers, in Town and Country.